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THE
GENUINENESS OF JOHN VII. 53-VIII. 11.
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WE believe this passage to have formed no part of the Gospel as it came from the hands of the author, but to have been interpolated at an early period, probably before the close of the second century. We propose to give our reasons for this opinion, and to exhibit the evidence derived from the passage in behalf of the genuineness of our canonical Gospels.

In a question like the one before us, our first recourse is to the ancient manuscripts. The passage under trial is wanting in the four oldest manuscripts,—the Sinaitic, the Alexandrine, the Vatican, and the Royal Parisian (*Codex Ephraemi*).* The Cambridge Manuscript (*Codex Bezae*) is the only Greek manuscript earlier than the eighth century that

* In the second and fourth of these, the portion of the Gospel in which this passage occurs is lost; but it is easy to determine the precise quantity of parchment missing, and the most careful measurement shows that there was not room for these verses.

contains it. It is wanting, or inserted in the margin, in all the oldest and most authoritative manuscripts of the earlier versions. It is mentioned or referred to, as we believe, by none of the fathers of the first three centuries. Nothing is said of it by Origen, who is known to have collected all the copies of the Gospels that he could lay hands on, by Chrysostom, who, in his numerous extant homilies, leaves hardly a saying of our Saviour or an incident in his life that is not made the subject of comment, or by Basil, whose letters and other writings are singularly rich in allusions to the evangelic narrative. Ambrose refers to it as undoubtedly spurious, and Jerome, in saying that it is found in many Greek and Latin manuscripts, implies that it does not necessarily belong there. In many of the manuscripts of the Greek Gospel and of the early versions in which this passage occurs, when not inserted in the margin, it is marked with an asterisk or an obelisk. In some it is copied at the end of the Gospel, as an appendix. In some it is found as a part of Luke's Gospel, between chapters xxi. and xxii. At the same time, where the passage is inserted, the text is far from uniform. In fact, the various readings are so numerous as to authorize the supposition that there may have been more than one original form, in which the story was, no doubt, written from memory.

As regards style, there are in this passage peculiarities which render its authorship by St. John in the highest degree improbable; but most of these are such as could not be made manifest through a translation, consisting in the construction of sentences, the position and use of particles, and other particulars, in which there is in classic, and still more in Hellenistic Greek, a wide scope for difference, and in which hardly any two authors resemble each other. This passage in style resembles Luke's Gospel much more than John's, and it may have been on this account that it found its way into the former at the hands of copyists, who saw plainly that it was not at home in the latter. There are in this connection two points in which our readers will very easily appreciate the argument from style. There is nothing in which speakers or writers are more habitually

uniform than in their designation of well-known places and persons. Now in this passage there are two such designations that are found nowhere else in John's Gospel. One is "the Mount of Olives," a name given to a district of considerable extent in the environs of Jerusalem, in which many of the events of the Gospel narrative occurred, and which is often mentioned by the synoptic evangelists. John records several of the incidents that occurred there; but he always uses the name of some one of the divisions of that district, as Gethsemane, Bethany. It was at Bethany that Jesus was wont to pass the night when he was fulfilling his ministry at Jerusalem; and it is very improbable that John, who elsewhere calls Bethany by its own village name, should, in this instance alone, have spoken of it by the more comprehensive name of the Mount of Olives. Again, in this passage the Scribes are named as prominent personages. They are mentioned under that name nowhere else in John's Gospel, though it is perfectly evident that the persons so termed by the other evangelists are often mentioned by John under the more general designation of "the Jews," which almost always with him denotes the captious and hostile portion of them. We may perhaps find in the Acts of the Apostles, a reason why John did not call these persons *Scribes*. He wrote his Gospel at Ephesus, and we learn that there was a municipal functionary there, probably corresponding to the recorder of one of our cities (called by our translators *town-clerk*), whose official title was *Grammateus*, or Scribe. John was naturally unwilling to designate by this name, so familiar with his earliest readers, a class of men who had nothing in common with the Recorder of Ephesus. But its use in the passage under discussion enhances the improbability that John wrote it.

Again, the context of this passage shows it to be an interpolation. If we omit it, the seventh and eighth chapters give us a connected narrative of a series of conversations held by our Saviour, on the same day, in the same place, with the same persons, and in the same tone on his part and on theirs. If we insert it, we have to suppose that those who

were disputing with our Saviour went home, that he spent the night at Bethany, that the guilty woman was brought to him in the morning, that her conscience-stricken accusers left him alone with this person, that on his dismissing her a company precisely similar to that of the preceding day gathered about him, and that he and they resumed the discussion where it had been suspended the day before. Moreover, the transition from the suspected passage to the next sentence is abrupt and unnatural, and supposes a series of intervening movements and events of which there is not the slightest trace. The close of the suspected passage leaves Jesus entirely alone. The next verse begins, "Therefore [E. T., then] spake Jesus again unto them." Wherefore? To whom? Why "again," if not with reference to a preceding conversation? This twelfth verse has obviously no connection with the narrative contained in the suspected passage; it as obviously has a connection with something preceding; and, unless we omit this passage, it is impossible to define the circumstances which led to the conversation that ensues.

Did we suppose that there was the slightest reason for believing this passage a part of the Gospel as written by St. John, we should be slow to give expression to what we are now going to say. But we cannot suppress our conviction that there are substantial intrinsic reasons for rejecting the narrative as a full account of a real transaction. Its moral tone is unworthy of its place in the record. That the woman was guilty of the charge made against her would appear from the words, "Go, and sin no more." The declaration, "Neither do I condemn thee," must be taken not in a legal, but in a moral sense; for neither the woman nor her accusers can have supposed or pretended that Jesus had any legal right to pass sentence upon her. Her crime was one which he does repeatedly and in the strongest terms condemn. Nay more, it is a crime which he imputes even to the impure thoughts that may lead to it, or may awaken the desire to commit it. Yet in this instance he is represented as treating it very lightly. The whole story presents a very wide discrepancy

from the inviolable sacredness which elsewhere he attaches to the marriage covenant, and it might be read with complacency by those in our own time who are over-ready to condone offences of this class, to make elective affinities supersede the divine law, and to render the conjugal relation subject to caprice or passion. We may, to be sure, suppose what we are not told; but we must imagine a great deal, to bring the narrative up to the Saviour's own moral tone,—to the standard to which he himself has educated us. On all other occasions, he is equally ready to condemn and to forgive; and we never miss from his pardon to the sinner tokens of profound contrition on the sinner's part, and, on his part, full and emphatic recognition of the heinousness of the sin. This is strikingly true of the not dissimilar case of the penitent woman in the Pharisee's house. She is, indeed, dismissed forgiven. But she has bathed his feet with her tears, and he speaks of "her sins which are many," setting over against them the corresponding intensity of her love.*

Whence then came this narrative? From its early insertion in the Gospel, we are inclined to believe that it had a basis of fact,—that it was a part of an authentic story. It very probably had a Johannean origin. One of two things may easily be imagined. It may have been a story told by St. John in full, but mutilated by oral tradition before it was committed to writing. Or the story, substantially as it stands, may have been told by him in his late old age, when his memory had become treacherous, when he could no longer recall the fidelity with which his Master had dealt with the sin, yet, with the fellow-feeling of a heart full of love, retained a vivid recollection of his gentle and merciful treatment of the sinner. In either case, because the story had come from the apostle, some persons who had copies of his Gospel wrote it in their own words in the margin of their copies. Possibly some peculiarity of the individual manu-

* Among the well-known biblical critics who regard this passage as probably not belonging to the Gospel of John, we may name Erasmus, Bucer, Calvin, Beza, Grotius, Hammond, LeClerc, Wetstein, Tischendorf, Meyer, Alford.

script—an unusual width of margin at that place, or some one of those trivial circumstances which determine the choice in things indifferent—led to its first insertion in this particular place, and thus to its being copied in other manuscripts in the same place. After a while it was taken into the text by some copyist, who supposed it a passage accidentally omitted, there having been in ancient usage no method of distinguishing the different kinds of marginal matter; an accidental omission, an illustrative quotation, an addition from another source, and a note, being all written in precisely the same way. It is not unlikely that there were three different original copies of this story, written by three men who heard it in the same words, and attempted to write it as they heard it. One inserted it where it now stands; another wrote it at the end of the Gospel of St. John; another, either having no copy of John's Gospel, or (in case he did not hear it from the apostle's own lips) thinking that it was more consonant in character with Luke's Gospel, wrote it there. There may have been differences of phraseology in these three original copies, and hence the many various readings, which in process of time would have become inextricably interchanged and blended.

We have introduced this subject not merely as a chapter of biblical criticism, but for the sake of the argument which it furnishes for the authorship of our canonical Gospels by the men whose names they bear. We regard their genuineness as on every ground unimpeachable. We have not one whit more confident belief that Irving wrote the life of Washington bearing his name, than that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the Gospels which we call theirs respectively. But according to a theory resting, indeed, on no documentary or circumstantial evidence, but mainly on the authority of men of more imagination than learning, our Gospels were of gradual growth, the product of oral traditions which had become magnified and distorted in passing from mouth to mouth, which had thus assumed forms widely different from those which they bore when first related by eye and ear witnesses, and which were probably written not earlier than the

middle or close of the second century. We here have the only narrative of any transaction or conversation of our Saviour in the canonical Gospels which can be proved to be an interpolation; and it is the only one which we would willingly dispense with. In every other instance Jesus appears at all points equal, in both wisdom and gentleness, justice and clemency, purity and love, to the ideal of perfection which we conceive only as inspired by him. Here we have at least a very early tradition, most probably a narrative caught from apostolic lips and honestly meant to be a transcript of the apostolic narrative, and yet it falls below the moral standard of all the other personal narratives in these Gospels; it can be made worthy of Jesus only by supplying a moral element which is wholly wanting; and it relieves our faith and reverence of a conscious strain to learn that it has no right to be where it stands. Have we any reason to suppose that our Gospels would have been of better material than this if they had had a similar authorship? Is this not not a type of scores of stories that we should have, had we depended on the record of reputed apostolic tradition in the generation next succeeding the lifetime of the apostles? We have here a specimen of the kind of stories which devout men of that generation were contented to receive, eager to commit to writing, and glad to hand down to future ages. We have still worse specimens, but little later, in the Apocryphal Gospels, all of them evidently written by believing and reverent men, who did not themselves fabricate what they wrote, but only recorded the traditions concerning Christ, which had been distorted into forms so grotesque that one can hardly recognize in most of them the Jesus of the canonical Gospels, while there is scarce one of their narratives which is not utterly out of character with that same Jesus.

In fine, the case stands thus. Our four canonical Gospels present four separate, yet mutually harmonizing sketches of a life and character no less than perfect, of a being whom we regard not only as the exemplar of all human virtue, but as presenting so far as they can be manifested the faultless image of the Divine attributes. We have in the Apocryphal

Gospels the well-meant endeavors of good men to render added testimony and enhanced honor to the purity and excellence of this character, and they succeed only in defacing and disfiguring it. We have in the narrative that has been the subject of this essay the best endeavors of still earlier disciples to put into writing what they could remember of a story which they had heard probably from St. John himself; and it is certain that they have left out a large and essential part of the story, and have at least failed to do honor to him whom they sincerely meant to honor when they inserted this narrative in the margin of the most precious manuscript in their possession. How is it that the authors of our four Gospels uniformly succeed where these other equally honest writers so uniformly fail? The only exposition of this difference is, that the evangelists had before them the living Jesus whose history they wrote, that they "beheld with open face the glory of the Lord," and thus related what had fallen under their familiar personal knowledge. St. John might well have spoken in the name of his brother evangelists in the introductory sentence of his first Epistle; and we seem in reading the words of one to hear the combined utterance of the four in what after the study of a pretty long lifetime we are more ready than ever to adopt as the only theory that will account for these Gospels,—"That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; (for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us); that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you"*

* It may be said that of the four Matthew and John alone were eye and ear witnesses. This we doubt. The house of Mark's mother was a meeting-place for the disciples immediately after our Lord's ascension. Is it not then more than probable that both mother and son had previously been disciples? But were this not so, we learn, on authority too early to be baseless, that Mark's Gospel was written chiefly at Peter's dictation, Mark having been less the author than the author's amanuensis. We find one trace of the Petrine origin of this Gospel in the repeated preservation in the Greek of the precise Syro-Chaldaic words employed

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

BY E. H. SEARS.

WE hope all who receive this Magazine have carefully read and pondered the article by Dr. Morison on this subject contained in our last issue. Whether we agree with all its reasonings and conclusions or not, it is good to be brought into a sphere of thought and sentiment so catholic and so warm with Christian kindness. While we rejoice in its beautiful spirit, and while we agree with it in all which it says concerning fellowship and sympathy with those who have doubts and difficulties and trials of faith, it still leaves open the grand question which concerns us as a Christian denomination. The author of the essay would render an excellent service if he would follow out the subject in the same spirit and with the same ability.

Doubt and denial are to be regarded not as crimes and misdemeanors, to be visited with excision and damnation, but difficulties to be overcome, and sometimes the necessary

on marked occasions by the Saviour. Peter, with his ardent temperament, would have been the most likely of all the twelve to lay intense stress on the very words, and even intonations employed, and to attempt to reproduce them in a record in another language. As for Luke, we find his name in some old lists of the seventy disciples (whose mission took place in the absence of the twelve, and is therefore recorded by Luke alone); and though we have no proof that these lists are authentic, we have equally little evidence against their authenticity, and the very fact of the existence of any mere list of names renders it probable that there was some sufficient reason for the insertion of each specific name. By this supposition we account for the parables found in Luke's Gospel alone; for Luke's narrative would imply that at the time of their utterance the seventy were, the twelve were not, with the Saviour. Still farther, there is so much of warmth and vividness in the narrative of the walk to Emmaus, that we cannot resist the belief that the evangelist himself was one of the two disciples. He names one of the two, Cleopas; he shows himself so familiar with the story that he must have known who the other was, and we can conceive of no reason but the narrator's modesty for suppressing that name,— his own name.

stages in the attainment of the richest, clearest, and most sufficing faith. In theological schools, in preparatory study and training for all kinds of Christian teaching, they should not be repressed, but tempted forth, and treated with candor and with intellectual and moral sympathy; for the greatest doubters become the most earnest and effective believers.

About fellowship there seems to us a great deal of random talking. Fellowship is a thing of degrees. For ourselves we would fellowship everybody who would fellowship us, and in the widest sense, whether they fellowship us or not. We would give *Christian* fellowship to all who would receive it and return it; and if they are not Christians, we would fellowship them on the broad ground of humanity. Neither doubt nor error nor crime should blind us to the fact that under all these there is essential manhood, possibly as acceptable before God as any there is in us, and as such to be sought for and sympathized with. Such was the fellowship of Christ. It was more warm and full towards the sinners of his day than towards the saints of his day. To the latter his words were, "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" to the chief of the sinners, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

But who does not see that it is one thing to fellowship our brethren, quite another thing to adopt their opinions and spread them through the world; one thing to treat with tolerance and tenderness the difficulties of young men who reject Christ, quite another thing to install them in pulpits to preach Christ before they believe in him? That, some men seem to think, is Christian liberty. That, we know is *not* Dr. Morison's idea of it. How about the congregations? Are Christian churches and societies to be made the convenience of skeptical preachers, to be experimented on till the skeptics can have time to consider and perhaps some day be converted to the Christianity which they preach and administer? We take it that the churches have some Christian liberty also, the liberty of hearing; that some of it belongs to the pews as well as the pulpit. A church or society which call a man

who rejects Christ to their ministry, knowing the fact at the time they call him, has no right to complain, and we do not complain. But when, as it has happened in scores of instances, they supposed they had invited a believer in Christ when they had not, it is quite otherwise. Meanwhile, in many of the societies thus experimented upon, the cause of religion declines ; the devout portion of the congregation leave and go somewhere else ; the societies become mere shells, and finally collapse and die. We could point to a good many cases where this process is going on to-day. And what is worse in these localities, Unitarianism has become the synonym of unbelief, and it will take more than one generation to efface that impression from the minds of men.

Then we think some are greatly mistaken as to the bearing of such a policy as this upon the conversion of unbelievers, or the conversion of anybody. Men of deep and earnest natures will be converted to Christianity, if at all, when they see it has taken such hold of those who believe it that they will stand by it openly, strongly, consistently, and not make it such a half-and-half concern that it may be compromised for something else. Ask such men as Messrs. Abbot and Weiss what they think of this kind of Christianity ? We are mistaken if they do not hold this whole policy in utter contempt, and if their rejection of Christianity, as Unitarians hold it, has not been confirmed and intensified thereby. Mr. Weiss called it trying to ride two horses, and took leave of the Unitarian Association with the polite sarcasm, "I leave the circus to more skillful riders." Some, who were put through this experience of preaching Christ before they believed in him, afterwards, when they did believe, were the most earnest to condemn the policy as disastrous on the prosperity of the churches and the cause of liberal Christianity.

But another and grave question, which we touched upon in a former article, still remains,— the whole matter of our missionary operations. Shall we go on raising money to spread "pure Christianity," collecting funds from the churches by the hundred thousand dollars, telling the churches it is for the spread of glorious Unitarianism, and then under that

name and with these very funds send out missionaries who believe the New Testament is fabulous, and the Christ it sets forth inspires "such love as persecutors and bigots are animated by?" We submit that when it comes to that it is high time to talk not only of Christian liberty, but moral honesty. We hope the author of the essay will one day give us the view on this subject suggested by his clear conscientiousness and ripe experience.

It lies within the choice of Unitarianism to be either of two things. It can be an *influence* to modify the opinions of the sects, to relax the hold of a hard and stiff ecclesiasticism and set free the mind of Christendom and of humanity itself, and then pass into history. That were a great and noble work for any people to do. That needed only the efforts of individual minds. It required no ecclesiasticism, no organization even. This we have supposed was the conception of Dr. Channing as to the mission of Unitarianism, and of many others who acted with him. They were jealous of all organization. Some opposed the formation of the American Unitarian Association. If Dr. Channing were alive to-day, we doubt whether he would go into any National Conference; certainly he would have resisted everything which tended to consolidation or to the fossilizing of a "Unitarian orthodoxy." He, with many others, refused to acknowledge themselves members of any sect. They were pioneers of progress, intent on Christian liberty, holding their opinions in a fluid state, ready to be taken up and absorbed by the church universal when it should be so free of human trammels and hindrances that it could overtake them or rise up to the higher plane where they stood.

But Unitarians to-day have undertaken to be something more than an "influence" of the hour. They have undertaken to be not only a denomination, but a national church; and never was there a grander opportunity if they chose to seize it. It was to hold the ground of the church covenants, — Jesus Christ and his Word free of all human additions, with the right of private interpretation unabridged. Here is a Christian foundation with the largest possible Christian

liberty, with ample room for all our individualism to play in. A church of this breadth, and resting on this Rock of Ages, might move the world. But it must be a church, and not an agglomeration of individuals merely, and it should have statesmen-like forecast, rising above any cajoling of the hour, and looking away into the future. It should not move from the foundations to please anybody, or, to employ Dr. Morrison's illustration, it should not ask "the Lion of the tribe of Judah" to play the role of Snug the Joiner. When it does that it lets in the elements of disintegration. It is no longer a church, but is resolved back into its individualities ; and though still they may realize Dr. Channing's conception of the Unitarian mission, they only can prepare the ground for those who will come after and take possession.

MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

HIDDEN in a hamlet lowly,
Simple, peaceful ways she trod,
Kept her spirit pure and holy,
Found a patient path to God.
From her early girlhood illness
Blanched the rose upon her cheek,
Hushed her buoyancy to stillness,
Till for pain she could not speak ;
In her lonely chamber lying,
Curtained from the gladsome day,
Suffering, sweet, and self-denying,
Cheerful passed the hours away.
Ripened thus her spirit's beauty,
Perfected, celestial love,
Conquered life by faith and duty,
Won an angel's crown above.

S. D. ROBBINS.

BY REV. THOMAS HILL, LL.D.

THE most brilliant physical generalization of our day is that of the conservation and correlation of forces. According to this doctrine, the various phenomena of the world, which at first seem to indicate a variety of forces, all spring from one force, — that force which produces motion ; sound, heat and light, with the distinction of colors, are simply modes of molecular vibration, modes of motion. Chemical, electric, galvanic, magnetic action, digestion, growth, are shown to be directly convertible into, and measured by heat, which is a mode of motion. Even thought and emotion are shown by Professor Lombard to be connected with changes of temperature in the brain ; and the chemists assure us that there can be no doubt that mental action produces a strictly proportionate waste of substance in the nervous organization. The most marked mental aberrations in sickness are sometimes arrested instantly, by simply supplying in the patient's diet an abundance of phosphorus or other constituents of the brain.

From these physical generalizations some men have drawn the inference that thought is only a mode of motion, and the mind a mere stream of electricity, — an inference which is only a new form of clothing the old doctrine, old as the history of speculation, that the mind consists in the harmony of the bodily organs. Thought, so far as we are conscious of thinking, is undoubtedly connected with a movement of the brain ; and intensity of thought and of emotion produces a corresponding intensity of motion in the brain, and this again produces a corresponding increase in the consumption of nervous matter. But what is the cause of the thought and emotion ?

In organic matter, in the movement of vapors and clouds, river and ocean currents, snow and glacier, in the formation of continents and seas, mountains and valleys, boulders and

crystals, we can trace back all causes to the original impulses of heat, light, and gravitation, from the sun and moon, and to the general original properties of the chemical elements.

Not so with the organic world. We can find no properties in organic matter which can, by any known or conceivable general laws, "turn the sod to violets," or even clothe a rock with lichens, or tinge the snow with its red dust. No general law can be imagined to bring forth the wonderful succession of vegetable and animal forms. Darwin, the most worthy living representative of a long line of thinkers who have sought to reduce this wonderful variety to an intellectual unity, endeavors to show how the admitted disposition in each species, to vary slightly from its type, might in countless ages have produced all present forms from a few original types. But whether his speculations be sound or false, they cannot affect this great main question. An organized being, whether simple or complex, has periodic functions, and is in a state of chemical unstable equilibrium. In the exercise of its periodic functions, it is perpetually running down and being wound up. It is obeying special laws at special times, in defiance of general laws. The general laws of force are its means; but its ends are its own. Out of the same soil, at the same time, and under the same climatic influences, one plant is taking up lime, and another lithia, a third potassa, and a fourth soda; one is building cells alone, and another making woody fibre; one is aspiring to the height of a hundredth of an inch, and another of a hundred feet. The sun's rays are but the hod-carriers; the sod supplies brick and mortar; but the soul, the vital principle of each plant, is the architect who decides whether these hod-carriers shall from the sod raise a violet, a buttercup, or a white oak.

And much less is it possible to conceive of any general laws of matter which shall produce self-conscious thought. The soul within us determines by unconscious action how the body shall be built,—subject in its unconscious action to laws which limit and guide its action; the soul determines also, by conscious action, what its thoughts and emotions and

volitions shall be,—subject here also to laws or conditions which greatly limit and control its freedom. When the body is in highest health, most perfectly built up for the moment, so that it is in fittest condition to be the instrument of thought, then the soul consciously (yet often by spontaneous action and unrecognized suggestion, without conscious *volition*) thinks and feels and arouses the brain to motion, by which alone the soul (while in the flesh) can think and feel. At other times the brain repeats mechanically, through mental laws of association, its previous movements, and calls up memories of the past. In both these forms of action there is a waste of substance, an amount of chemical change proportionate to the amount of nervous labor; this follows, according to the doctrine of the conservation of force, from the acknowledged fact that nervous motion accompanies all mental consciousness. But the value of the mental action is not at all proportionate to its amount and energy. A ditcher or hod-carrier may use as much muscular power in the twenty-four hours as the most graceful and accomplished acrobat. And some dull student, stumbling for weeks in the vain attempt to cross the "pons asinorum," will use as much brain power, measured by the amount of phosphorus assimilated from his food, and eliminated again from his body, as William Rowan Hamilton used in creating the new science of kinematics, or the new Calculus of Quaternions. Weigh the food of the poet laureate, and that of the heavy clown who cannot appreciate a line of his tender and delicate rhythmic feeling, and you would find one consuming as much as the other. The hero who led the romantic triumphal march from Atlanta to the sea lived on soldier's rations, and consumed no more volition-producing food, during the march, than one of the rank and file, who simply obeyed the orders emanating primarily from the wonderful intellect and controlling executive will of the great general.

In its highest sense, therefore, in its value as thought, as feeling, and as will, mental action cannot be measured against motion. An equation can be framed between all the various modes of motion: mechanical translation, acoustic, thermic,

optic, chemic, polar vibration, physiologic changes. But no equation can be made to hold between the uses of these modes of motion ;—the comparative value of a footpound used in drilling jewel holes in Waltham, and a footpound used in printing books at Cambridge, is not capable of estimation. Much less does any theory of the steam-engine, and of the nature of its materials, explain how the engine at Waltham and that at Cambridge came to be used for such different ends.

Thus, also, in the brain engine, the comparative value of the poem and the demonstration is not to be measured by the amount of phosphorus used in the production of each (if phosphorus be assumed as the fuel whose consumption measures brain work) ; nor can any theories, true or false, of physiology explain why the brain of one man is producing exquisite, and that of another execrable results.

The devout man trembles without cause at the progress of science ; science has power and permanence only as it is true ; and, so far as true, science can only be a reading of part of the thoughts of God. The man without religious faith boasts without cause over the reduction of all things to scientific law. Scientific laws constitute only the *grammar* of the Divine speech. For the meaning of the creative word, we look much higher.

UNDER THE PINES.

ON a still Sabbath noon-tide
Of those sweet, solemn days,
When earth and heaven mingle
In autumn's golden haze,

Weary with inward wrestlings,
With spirit-strivings spent,
I carried to the pine-wood
My bitter discontent.

Its balmy breath brought healing
To fevered heart and brain ;
Its low, sweet sighings whispered
A lullaby to pain.

Life's problems all unheeded,
Life's sorrows sung to rest,
Content once more I rested
On the All-Father's breast.

And resting so, the angel
That ever nearest seems
In all my purest pleasures,
In all my brightest dreams,

With holy, fond communings
So near my spirit came,
I could not choose but utter
His cherished earthly name.

Soft stirrings close beside me —
Startled I looked around ;
A snow-white dove was pecking
Pine-needles on the ground.

Whence came it there, all lonely,
No gentle partner nigh ?
By coming footsteps frightened,
Ah ! whither did it fly ?

Brought it a heaven-sent message
Of peace that blessed day,
A token of assurance
That love doth live alway ?

Such seemed to me its mission ;
And since that hour of grace,
One spot within the pine-wood
I hold a sacred place.

THE SADDUCEAN TENDENCIES OF THE AGE.

A SERMON. BY J. H. MORISON, D.D.

But when the Pharisees had heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence, they were gathered together.—MATT. xxii. 34.

THE Pharisees were those who held scrupulously to the traditions of the elders,—traditional forms, observances, doctrines,—overlaying with them the law of God and crushing out its life. They furnish a type of what is perpetually recurring in all ages,—a dominant sect, great in professions, but small in performance, rich in outward forms, but poverty stricken in inward resources, abounding in theological doctrines, but lacking in Christian graces, their religion detaching itself from the life and hardening into forms, or separating itself from morality and entrenching itself in religious professions till at last formalism ends in superstition, and professions degenerate into hypocrisy. The heaviest words of condemnation that our Saviour ever uttered were against them, and apply with equal force to their successors and representatives now.

The Sadducees, on the other hand, rejected all traditions, and professed to confine themselves to the naked letter of the law. But in giving up the superstitious traditions which had been accumulating around it for ages, they also divested the law of the sacred associations which had been gathering round it, and in which the aspirations and prayers and devout experience of many generations had embodied themselves. Holding to the naked letter of the law, they nevertheless explained away, even in that, everything which might not square with their materialistic ideas. They thus, in their practice, presented the unnatural spectacle of a religion coming down from heaven, and yet divested of every heavenly feature,—morality cut off from its religious faith, the soul cut off from its heavenly inspirations, man cut off from his daily dependence on God, the world disenchanted of the

heavenly hopes and visions which come down to keep alive the sentiment of reverence, to exalt the lowliness of our daily lot, and give to life the dignity and beauty of the divine presence and an immortal destiny. And so its morality degenerates into expediency, and this soon resolves itself into selfishness; while its faith, retreating always within a narrower compass, at last ends in unbelief. The Sadducees were profoundly imbued with the philosophical skepticism of their day, and furnish an instructive example of that sharp materialistic science which, even in what it recognizes as a divine revelation, seeks to cut off everything that cannot be proved on its own materialistic principles.

Here are the two great and perpetually recurring tendencies, — Pharisaism, through traditional forms into superstition, through traditional doctrines into hypocrisy or bigotry; Sadduceeism, divesting itself of all religious sanctions, ending on the moral side in selfishness, and on the intellectual and religious side in unbelief.

Both these classes are represented among us in our day. There are the Pharisees with their loud professions, their long prayers, their creeds superadded to the words of Jesus, and torturing his instructions into their meaning even while they declare their reverence for him. Such men are found in all the popular sects of our day, and their tendency is always towards hypocrisy. They are also found in ritualistic churches, with their scrupulous adherence to ecclesiastical forms, their vestments and priesthoods, holding to the traditions of the elders, and tending always to superstition. Representatives, I say, of the old Pharisaical leaven may still be found among the dominant sects. Here and there, perhaps, a few of this sort may be found in our own denomination. But with us they are out of place, and generally gravitate sooner or later to their own quarters, where are forms of worship and articles of faith and modes of action more imposing, and therefore more congenial to them.

Our danger is in the other direction. The Sadducees are abundantly represented among us by men who would make their knowledge of material laws the measure of all knowl-

edge, and who therefore subject the teachings and acts of Jesus to the test of their scientific rules, and reject as spurious and untrue whatever cannot be thus verified and substantiated. Here is one form of the old Sadducean spirit, with its self-sufficiency, arrogantly asserting itself among us.

This movement is not guided by science in its largest sense,—science as it has been found in the greatest and most comprehensive souls. For they, in searching through nature to find out the laws of matter, even amid their grandest achievements, have felt the limitations of their knowledge, and have looked up with humility for some higher and more perfect revelation of God's truth. Science of this large and comprehensive character is always reverent; and they who study it in its true spirit look on the material world as a majestic temple built by the hands of the Almighty, and unable to reveal its highest truths until it is seen to be illuminated and filled out by his presence.

But there is a tendency in science to confine itself to what is material. It recognizes no fact higher than what comes within the reach of the senses, and therefore, by what it calls a logical necessity, cuts itself off from the whole realm of spiritual life and thought, as from something unreal and fantastic. Men who are led in this direction may not be aware of it. But the tendency among them is to run in this material groove, and to ignore all that lies beyond it. And this tendency is not confined to professedly scientific men. It finds its way into our popular systems of education, and, while it leaves opinions unchallenged, fixes its materialistic bias on the mind. It seriously affects the habits of thought by which we are guided in our investigations, and causes its subtle influences to be felt in the opinions, especially on religious subjects, which insensibly adjust themselves in accordance with received methods of intellectual appreciation and recognition. In other words, the habits of thought acquired by the young, and vitiated by this unwholesome distrust of everything that lies out of the track of the physical sciences, pervade their whole character, go with them into all their investigations, and control them in the acceptance or

rejection of divine truths. The doctrines which have the most vital influence upon us are usually not those which are welcomed or excluded after deliberate investigation, but those which, like the air we breathe, are taken in by an involuntary and unconscious act.

Now this habit of mind, which is only another form of the old Sadducean tendency to unbelief, is gradually undermining our religious faith. While formally accepting the religion of Jesus, it is subjecting it to rules of criticism and interpretation which, if they go on unchecked, will in the end rob it of all the qualities that give it such power over the soul.

In the physical sciences we recognize nothing beyond what is either directly taught by the senses or inferred from what they teach. While pursuing those studies this is right. But there are other departments of thought, subject to other methods of investigation. The moment we open the Gospels we find ourselves encompassed by statements which lie wholly out of this province. There are whole orders of beings and of facts—angels and miracles—which can be included within no materialistic arrangement of science. We therefore task our ingenuity either to explain them away or to reduce their proportions, so that they may take their place among ordinary things and be accepted as belonging to the regular system of physical nature. How many are there who say that the Christian miracles are nothing to them, or only stand in their way, and even the greatest miracle of all—the resurrection of Christ, the illustration and token of our own immortality—ceases to have any authority or any meaning for them. And so, step by step, while we call ourselves Christians, this sublime manifestation of God's love, this wonderful revelation of a divine life and of spiritual truths to meet the wants of our spiritual being, and to counteract the forever recurring Sadducean tendency of material studies and pursuits, is confined within the walls of material nature, and everything beyond what may be brought there is practically disregarded and ignored. The loftiest aspirations of the soul, the infinite condescension of God in sending his Son to educate our immortal faculties, the ministry of angels, the

opening heavens through which divine influences are always descending in answer to our prayers, are curtailed of their sublimest meaning, or regarded as belonging wholly to the region of the imagination.

The cause of deception here is a most subtle one, entering not as an argument into a controversy, but as a guiding spirit — a plastic force — into the mind itself.

On the intellectual side, it denies all that lies beyond the reach of a material, scientific investigation. But on what authority does it make such a denial? If there be a spiritual world, spiritual intelligences and agents, a Father in heaven willing to visit his children here and make known to them his will, they must, from the very nature of their existence, live and act in a way which, in many respects, is not recognized among the laws of the material universe. If they are to manifest themselves at all to beings like man, from the very nature of the case it must be in ways which do not fall within the jurisdiction of physical science. The material universe, on the side of its material laws and agencies, furnishes no data from which to judge of this other and higher class of facts. On what authority, then, does physical science, or the spirit which it engenders, undertake to deny these higher facts, or subject them to its own laws? On what principle of reason or philosophy, in the broadest acceptation of the term, does it presume to carry its limited methods of investigation up into these loftier realms of being, and to deny all which they fail to establish. It is as if the naturalist who has spent his life in microscopic investigations shall turn his microscope towards the stars and deny their existence because he cannot see them through his glass. The senses, quickened and intensified by the microscope, may search into the properties and habits of minute material things; but they cannot look into the heavens. And for divine things other and higher faculties are required. The eye of the soul, trained in obedience to God's spiritual laws, aided by the telescope of a divine revelation, is needed to enable us to see beyond material forms into the very realm of spiritual and immortal life.

The microscope has made many and wonderful revelations ; but not among the stars. So the physical sciences have made great and wonderful disclosures of truth ; but not in things pertaining to our spiritual life. Even in their own province they have no skill to recognize the finest and most efficient forces that are there. The most delicate instruments and methods of physical analysis cannot lay hold of the *physical* life which they strive to detect. It eludes their touch ; it hides itself away from them ; refuses to give up its secret, and will die sooner than tell. Insect and plant perish under the treatment to which they are subjected, and the dead remains show what the whole universe would be in such hands, judged by the laws of physical science alone, and thus robbed of its life.

The laws of matter, found out by means of the senses, do not rise high enough to lay hold on the powers of the world to come, or to disclose to us the conditions and orders of spiritual being, which from their very nature lie beyond the reach of our bodily senses. And it is only by the exercise of a usurped and illegitimate authority that materialistic science dares to judge of such things. Forever to all such the Saviour's reply to the ancient Sadducees holds good: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." The revelations of divine truth in Jesus Christ, professing to unfold to us the fountain and the ongoings of the eternal life, seek to bring before us a different order of facts, which are to be learned and judged of on principles entirely different from those which govern the physical sciences. The powers of spiritual analysis alone can pierce through the material form of bird or plant, and, without interrupting the song of the sparrow or ruffling the down upon the violet, may catch in the life that animates them an expression of the benignant energy which infuses itself into the bosom of nature and into the heart of man, and gives its sweetness and its beauty to the outward universe. The vital, spiritual forces which are at the centre of all things lie beyond the reach of the senses, among the facts which cannot be recognized by the finest tests of physical science. They have their own laws

and methods of investigation, in accordance with the highest reason. As material facts must be reached through the bodily senses, so the higher facts, being spiritual, must be "spiritually discerned." And the ablest scientific men are among those who have been most ready to acknowledge this.

Thus much respecting the Sadducean tendency on the intellectual side, questioning and criticizing things beyond its comprehension, ignoring and explaining away the soul of our religion, even while professing to accept it, and, like the pestilence which wasteth in darkness and at noonday, unseen alike in both, falls as a blight on our religious faith, and ends not so much in open denial as in secret death.

On the moral side the result is hardly less disastrous. The Pharisees sacrifice morality to religion, and make the law of God, his moral law, of none effect by their traditions. We justly protest against this, and take morality under our especial care and patronage, cutting it off from religion, its natural guardian and defender. For a time the moral virtues seem to thrive. But, as the limbs of trees when girdled may, for a single season, bear fruit of unusual size, and then die, so morality, severed from religion, may thrive with an unusual luxuriance for a little while, and then languish and die. When we make morality not only the test, but the substance of our religion, we begin practically to ignore the awful sanctions of heaven, which reach down into all the acts of life and all the secret thoughts of the heart, bringing them constantly into judgment before God, and enforcing the laws of eternal rectitude. Yet without these heavenly sanctions, morality is no longer regulated by a divine rule of right, but by an earthly measure of gain or loss, and soon degenerates into a worldly materialistic expediency. The morality which bound us once to God as the righteius Judge of all, and which caused our charities to flow out in unbidden acts of love from a fountain of divine love in the soul, reduces itself to a system of expediency. It thus alienates the soul from God, and subjects it to that supreme selfishness which is the abnegation of God and the annihilation of its spiritual and eternal life. This is the direction in which our material prosperity

and our materialistic habits of thought are leading us, and which can be counteracted only by our receiving the Gospel of Christ in its simplicity and power. It will not do to seek relief in the direction of the Pharisees, by the multiplication of traditional forms and articles of faith ; for we may render the law of God of more effect by our cumulative traditions, even more than by our denials. We must enter the world of moral and spiritual forces which is revealed to us in the Gospel of Christ. As, in learning an earthly science, we give ourselves up to its methods, advancing from the simplest facts to the widest principles and relations, so in this highest of all sciences, we must give ourselves up to its methods, and advance from the elementary facts to the broadest principles. We must receive its facts and let them enter into our minds and hearts. We must live in Christ—in the life, the affections, the great and holy thoughts which unfold themselves in him, till we are able to take them home and live familiarly in the midst of them. They will enlarge our intellectual conceptions, and carry us out into broader and fairer views. By our enlarged spiritual perceptions and sympathies we shall be set free from the limitations of our material pursuits, and science itself will delight to serve as the handmaid of faith.

Then we shall learn that even here in this world the most efficient agencies are those which borrow their power from this higher source, that material prosperity is a coarse and vulgar thing unless refined by a Christian spirit and ennobled by Christian acts, and that life, with all the honor and success that can be crowded into it, is a poor, unsatisfying, transient dream, unless allied to influences from higher worlds.

The most pervasive and enduring powers on earth are those which transcend the reach of our physical senses. We all feel this at times. The wisdom that is from above, the far-seeing, unimpassioned wisdom of a thoughtful, faithful soul, so delicate in its appreciation of the right, and so gentle in its movement, is not only a more beneficent, but a mightier influence in a community than any popular display of intellectual strength. A silent, religious conviction, making itself felt more by its acts than its words, and more by

its presence than even by its acts, is a weightier power in a community than a self-asserting activity. The lives which most profoundly and benignantly enter into our lives are those which have their source in the fountain of God's love, and whose deep waters are least ruffled by the breath of human applause.

Even in the busiest town and amid the most absorbing pursuits, the hearts of men turn with an instinctive homage towards those who have brought down and illustrated in their lives the purest precepts of our faith. The man who lives in accordance with them, who carries them with him wherever he goes, in meekness and simplicity, bears also with him a weight of authority which silently disarms the shallow reasoning of Sadducean selfishness and unbelief.

The life of a true woman reveals to us sources of influence which the world can never give. She may be endowed with a charm of personal loveliness which adds to the attractiveness of her virtues ; she may have advantages of wealth and position which give her an opportunity that all cannot have to show her disinterested regard for others ; she may have qualities of mind and heart which peculiarly fit her to be the pride and joy of her friends. But these are not the secret of the power which goes from her, through which she creates around her an atmosphere of gentle benignant affections, while she fills each day the perhaps unacknowledged and unrecognized offices of kindness that make her home a centre of Christian charities and graces. Her life while it is with us is a perpetual benison ; and when she is not, for God hath taken her, it is still in ever-widening and deepening circles diffusing itself through the hearts of those she loved and through the community in which she lived. There is no more beneficent or powerful influence than the living presence, or, when that is withdrawn, the silent memory of those who are thus the dearest exemplars that we have known of the spirit and the religion of Jesus.

These are the purest and most effective types that we can have in opposition to the Pharisaic and the Sadducean tendencies of our age. And in Christ himself we find the

spiritual forces which may thus flow into our souls and lives. Then the visions of spiritual love and peace, in which he lived as in his native element, will gradually become to us also great and blessed realities. He will no longer seem to us afar off in the distant heavens. He will come to us when we turn thus to him, and in him we shall find comfort and guidance and rest to our souls.

NATURE AND THE SOUL.

MAY-DAY, 1870.

THE spring has come with its gladness,
 Its birds and its sunny hours ;
O Father, grant that my spirit
 May blossom with the flowers !

The eye that looks on Nature
 Sees not her form alone ;
From the depth of the soul within us
 The outward takes its tone.

The waters dance in the sunshine,
 The birds on the tree are gay ;
Shall a shadow on my spirit
 Dim the brightness of the day ?

I'd rise from the dust that soils me,
 From the conflict and the strife,
And bathe in the joy and freedom
 Of Nature's awakening life.

I'd sit me down 'mid the blossoms
 On the sunny side of the way,
And pray that thy holy spirit
 O'er the chords of my soul may play.

So earth shall be full of gladness,
 The smile of the Father's love,
And the voice of my heart's thanksgiving
 Blend with holier strains above.

REVELATION AND INTUITION.

BY HON. CHARLES HUDSON.

THE elevation of instinctive impression above the cool deduction of rational demonstration is at variance with every principle of sound philosophy, and is itself the essence of infidelity. For if intuition is an infallible guide, we stand in no need of revelation. This is practically admitted by the advocates of intuitive morals; for they take the liberty of rejecting any part of the Scriptures which conflicts with their theory. Though they talk loudly of the life and character of Jesus, they do not hesitate to spurn a large portion of the New Testament,—the only record we have of the being and character, the labors and teachings of Jesus. So that, with them, the only test of truth is their own intuitive impressions. They take the ground that conscience is unerring, and hence needs no instruction from without,—no elevating and enlightening by human experience, no purifying by the teaching of revelation. Entertaining these views, we might naturally expect that they would wage war with the Bible, which teaches us that conscience may be good and pure, or evil, defiled, or seared as with a hot iron. We also read of a weak conscience, and a conscience of sin. Our observation and personal experience likewise teach us that conscience is, to a great extent, the creature of education, differing in different persons, and in the same person at different times; and hence can never be relied upon as the inherent, infallible guide to truth. On the contrary it needs instructing, enlightening, and purifying, and can be safely trusted only when we have availed ourselves of all the means of information within our reach, and have purified our hearts by the exercise of devout affections and active love of our fellow beings.

But the theory here controverted is not only a system of deism, but of *atheism*. We do not say that the abettors of this theory openly and avowedly deny the existence of a

Supreme Being ; but we do say that their doctrines, when fully carried out, fall but little, if any, short of that position. Look carefully at their doctrine for a moment. They make intuition the sole test of truth. All outward evidence is discarded. They allow no moral distinction, and receive no doctrine not sustained by the light within. They believe in a God only because they are conscious that they themselves live. They clothe him with perfection, because they fancy that he possesses those properties which their own inward light discovers and approves in themselves. This, then, is the God they adore,—a mere image of themselves. And how far does this fall short of self-idolatry ? They profess to have so much regard for this, their Divinity, that they are unwilling to admit of any mediator between them and the object of the devotion. They bow down to the very ideal image they have set up in their own hearts ; and they would not embrace or even tolerate him, were he not a perfect reflex or portrait of themselves. Is not this a worship of themselves, or of an idol of their own manufacture ? A divinity—

“ Such as the heathen lands afford,
Created first, and then adored.”

Besides, to infer the being and perfections of God from the intuitions of men is contrary to human experience. The heathen world in all ages have had their intuitions, and were led thereby to believe in a multiplicity of gods of limited powers and of very questionable perfections,—

“ Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
With attributes of rage, revenge, and lust ;
Such as the hearts of tyrants might conceive,
And formed like tyrants, tyrants would believe.”

But they will probably attempt to escape from this uncomfortable position by saying that these intuitions are implanted in the human breast by God himself, and that in this way he gives evidence of his being and perfection. But this does not relieve the difficulty. They make their intuition not only the sole test of truth, but an ultimate fact beyond which

you cannot go. They will not allow any external evidence, any *a priori* consideration, to come in to modify or enlarge this internal conviction; for this would be yielding the infallibility of intuition. What then is the state of the case on their theory? They have a full consciousness that they possess an inward light sure and unerring; that it is a part of themselves, and would remain the same were the rest of the universe a blank; that this knowledge is an essential part of their nature, not dependent upon any reasoning, evidence, or consideration, and would remain the same whether there be any other being in the universe or not. They must therefore make their intuitive knowledge the grand fountain or source of all knowledge, and all things else must be held in subordination to this. So that, if they admit the being of a God at all, it must be that he is like themselves, conforming in all things to their preconceived opinions, and that he coincides exactly with their own intuitions, and is believed in and worshiped because he is a transcript of the better part of themselves.

Such an exaltation of human faculties and powers,—such a subordinating of all testimony, human and divine, to the mere impression, whim, or conceit of a handful of vain theorizers, shows the extravagances into which men, otherwise sensible, will sometimes run, and the danger there is in departing from the plain teaching of the gospel. The theory here controverted crops out in various parts of the field of religious investigation, showing, by the different phases it assumes, that its devotees can easily embrace the concluding article in the "Unbeliever's Creed," and "believe in all manner of unbelief." This theory sometimes shows itself in its opposition to *all creeds*; as though a man could be a consistent Christian and have no belief whatever. Sometimes it places all theories on a level, as though one system of faith was just as conducive of piety and virtue as another. Sometimes it arrays the Old and New Testament against each other, and at the same time denies the essential doctrines of both. Sometimes it boasts of the greatest of all miracles, the spread of the gospel, and in the same breath

denounces all miracles as derogatory to the character of God. Now it is enraptured with the character of Jesus, and then it represents him as a base impostor, pretending to work miracles which were mere tricks to deceive the people. Now it relies upon the Scripture account of the life of Christ, and anon it rejects a great part of the Gospels, as out of taste or out of character. Sometimes it attempts to make a breach between *belief* and *faith*, as though the true Christian believer could have no confidence or trust in God, and that gospel faith did not admit of a belief in God and in the divine mission of his Son. Now it assails revelation because it is too mystical and refined for any practical purpose, and then because it is too material and groveling. Now it assails all ceremonies and ordinances, and at the same moment urges a worship more ritualistic and showy.

Such a confusion of ideas, such a discarding of gospel truths, such affirmations and denials may show a dexterity, but are hardly consistent with a well-balanced mind. They may be suitable means for shaking the faith and destroying the hope of honest believers ; but they are poor instruments for building up a system of divine truth which will elevate the race and give joy and peace to the inquiring mind.

We cannot meditate upon the theory here opposed, without inquiring, What good can its authors expect to accomplish if they can give currency to their system ? They take from us the gospel system, in which our heavenly Father comes specially near to us through the agency of his Son, and suits out his instruction to all classes of his creatures, calling upon little children to love one another, the middle-aged to devote their best powers to him, and the aged to rely upon his support and consolation ; and they give us the cold teaching of natural religion, which must be totally unintelligible to nine-tenths of the human race. How cold and forbidding is this system of naturalism when compared with the "glorious gospel of the blessed God," in which we put our trust. Here we have a harmonious system of doctrines, radiant with wisdom and benevolence, revealing the being and perfections of God, his love to his children, his kind

interposition for their redemption by the mediation of the Lord Jesus ; a system in which the character, labors, and requirements of the Saviour are exhibited, the duty of men revealed, and the reasonableness of all God's requirements brought down and commended to the understanding of mankind ; a system fraught with wisdom and harmony, to be admired not only for its own sake, but for the moral influence it is calculated to exert upon the hearts of men ; a system implying every moral obligation, and furnishing every motive for the discharge of every duty, thereby showing that the gospel rests on certain vital principles which are never to be forgotten, and which blend doctrines and duties in such entire harmony that neither is perfect without the other.

As religion is designed to improve the head and the heart, so the gospel presents the frame-work and the finish of the whole system, showing that the work is one, and that the whole is so fitted together as to grow into a perfect temple of the Lord. Give us the gospel scheme as presented by Christ and his apostles, and we will readily forego all the new inventions of the age. Give us the frame-work of Christianity, that we may see the vital doctrines of religion embodied by Christ himself, and we will show to any rationalist that they are a shield and a sword, and will not only defend us from the common enemy, but will enable us to assail every foe, and come off conqueror through Him that loved us. The gospel system, to use a military phrase, will prove not only a fortress on which to fall back, but a *base of operation* from which we can draw all needed munitions, and that sustenance which will enable us to fight the good fight of faith, persevere to the end, and so put to flight the armies of the aliens.

REAL AND IDEAL SELF.—Every man, however good he may be, has a yet better man dwelling in him which is properly himself, but to whom, nevertheless, he is often unfaithful. It is to this interior and less mutable being that we shall attach ourselves, not to the changeable, every day man,—*Humboldt*.

DOCTRINAL THOUGHTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHLEIERMACHER. BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

DOCTRINE AND FAITH.

WE must take care lest we set up as a law the exact letter of a dogmatic system, and so impose upon the Christian a yoke no less difficult to be borne than that of the law of external works. It is a mischievous error to confound together doctrine and faith. Faith, as far as it respects us, or subjectively, is simply the ever-renewing spiritual affection which assimilates the life of Christ. And he who partakes of this life must have an internal consciousness of its reality. He may hardly be able to stammer forth intelligibly in regard to doctrinal truths, and yet he may enjoy divine peace, may work in the spirit of love, and live more entirely in communion with the life of Christ, than another who can edify and exalt by his learned and fine discourse. The one is better versed in doctrine and the other in faith.

And now, if we look back, we see how many different systems have been invented in Christian dogmatics to explain how it was that man needed such divine help, and how such a state of things should arise, and what must have been the precise nature of Christ in order to enable him to render this service to man ; how the human and divine in him must have been related, with all the various questions that are dependent on them. Can it be that the vitality of faith hangs upon exactness of knowledge in all these particulars ? Can the simplicity of faith with which we entirely attach ourselves to Christ be dependent upon our notions in regard to these speculative points, so that no single error can be included ? It cannot be. Faith and doctrine are entirely different matters. Yet right belief has been substituted for faith, and made the essential thing, and constituted the text in evangelical Christendom. Is not this setting up a law of the letter equally dead with the law of works ? He surely who is under

this law is dead, unless he is completely versed in every minute point of doctrine, and is acquainted with every essential particular that goes to constitute the essential faith.

How little advantage will come from the restored word of God, if its truths are made use of only for the purpose of settling nice questions of disputed doctrines, how far they defend the established dogmas, how they may be used to overthrow this or that diverging opinion. Thus is this open revelation of God made of no effect through the traditions of dogmas. But thanks be to God, that this law of the letter can never wholly supersede the power of the living Spirit. Let not one, with his law of works or law of belief, stand between us and Christ. The master of us all has established only one test of life-communion, and *that* is love. If love to him penetrates us, so that we behold the Father, we shall feel that love is so far a reality, that no one will be able to excite fear or anxiety in the soul of not having conformed to this or that law of men; no one will be able, by holding before us this or that human representation, to destroy the simplicity of our faith.

CHRIST THE INTRODUCER OF UNIVERSAL LOVE.

THE love of Christ was universal, and embraced the whole human race. We usually regard this sentiment of love to humanity as springing naturally from the ground of reason, so that wherever we see man, there the relation of mutual love must establish itself. What page of history reveals to us this element of unbounded love to humanity, not as a speculation and a temporary feeling, but as a reality, a main-spring of action and endeavor? Even in souls devoted to quiet thought was such a thought scarcely awakened, and it died away without becoming embodied in life, and without acquiring any vital strength. Love to one's kindred and tribe, to one's nation and people,—this was everywhere esteemed the highest. To all others there was indifference, if not hostility. And reason promulgated it as its highest word, that each could receive most from those who were most nearly

related by ties of speech and of blood, and could impart most to them. Thus different races were sundered, and remained apart, except when brought into contact as foes, whom it was right to hate and destroy. Even now, among the mass of men who have not been gathered into the one fold of the good Shepherd, there remains this narrow feeling of limitation of humanly affection, notwithstanding the progress of wisdom and enlightenment, notwithstanding the softening influences of commerce and civilization. But this love becomes possible and waxes strong with all the struggles and trials of earthly existence, when all men, feeling their incompleteness, turn to the one light and the one life. In Christ there is found a point of union and a centre of love. And receiving a common life from him, the differences of nation, caste and family disappear as causes of division and sundered feelings, and a love of humanity is built up in the heart. But where was there such an exclusive national pride as among the people where Jesus was born? By the Jews all other nations were esteemed as heathen and outcasts; by them it was thought right to love their neighbor and to hate their enemy; and the walls of exclusiveness and separation from all but the children of Abraham were high as could be built. How was it, other than by the indwelling of the divine word, and by the partaking immediately of the infinite love of the Father, that he was able to pierce through this cloud of prejudice and selfish affection, and declare the great truth of universal love? Through his oneness with the Father he was raised above exclusive feelings and narrow views; and through union with him each soul becomes united to the whole brotherhood of man, and feels that there is but one human family, one common inheritance in the household of God.

RIGHTEOUSNESS OF FAITH REAL AND NOT IMPUTED.

How can the notion, that without a real righteousness we are pronounced righteous, be in harmony with our consciousness of God? Is he not the true? Can he then pronounce

one to be something that he is not? Can he say that he will reckon us righteous on account of faith, when faith has no essential connection with righteousness, and he might as well have fixed some other condition of acceptance as that? No. If there is a righteousness before God, of faith, then must faith work a real righteousness. If it is only a nominal and external acknowledgment, we may well suppose that it has no real influence. But faith, which is the life of Christ within, must really produce a real righteousness. For he is righteous, and if he lives in us, then must we be righteous through that inner life. It is indeed true, that we remain weak men still, even while sharing in this divine life; and this weakness manifests itself daily in the incompleteness of our works as well as of our thoughts and our individual endeavors. But since Christ has been manifest in the flesh, *God judges us no more after the flesh, but after the spirit.* He does not look at that which comes to the light as the expression of the external nature, but at that which is deepest and most internal, which is Christ's life in us, which is our righteousness. And the measure of this divine life is not the mere momentary manifestation, now less and now greater as it may happen, but the innermost principle of energizing power, which is always one and the same, namely, the life of Christ in the soul. The changeable and varying external has no vital connection with this divine life, and is no object of the divine judgment.

And here, too, we may consider that with the Lord a thousand years are as one day. The object of his complacency is the new life which through Christ is imparted to humanity. Where this exists, there the divine eye sees the future in the present, the whole in the part. For where Christ lives, his life always gains new energy; and that *I* which no longer lives, that self which is the body of death, from which all our misery springs, and from which we long and sigh to be freed, *that dies more and more.* And this growth of the life of the Christ within, and this decease of the old man, this is our righteousness.

ISCARIOT'S DREAM.

TRANSLATED FROM KLOPSTOCK. BY S. G. BULFINCH.

[Mr. W. W. Story has recently given us, in his "Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem," a version of the story of Judas which is new to most readers. But it does not detract from the merit of the poem to say that the supposition on which it rests is too natural to have been reserved for recent discovery. Not only is it found in De Quincy's writings, but some modern theologians, and even some among the ancient fathers, maintained that Judas did not expect or intend to cause the death of his Lord. Klopstock has availed himself of this thought in representing the temptation of Judas, in the third canto of his "Messias," — a poem which, with obvious defects, was still the first really great work of elegant literature in modern Germany. It is written in hexameters; but these are more suitable for the long German words than for short English ones. I have preferred, therefore, the common blank verse.]

THE rest of the disciples, wearied now
With sorrow, slept upon the wooded hill ;
One 'neath the olive-tree, where lowest sank
Above him its protecting arm ; another
In a small hollow, fenced by rising grounds ;
And this one at the holy cedar's roots,
That lofty stood, and, with light murmuring,
Slumber and dew upon the resting ones
Cast from its quiet sylvan height ; some slept
In tombs, the children of the murderous city
Had built in honor of the prophets slain.
Judas Iscariot had impatient thrown
Himself, not far from quiet Lebbeus,
His kinsman and his friend ; but now the Prince
Of Hell, who sidelong in a hidden cave
Had listened as the angels talked, broke forth
Wrathful, and, with thoughts heated to destruction,
Hovered above Iscariot sleeping. Thus,
O'er slumbering cities, in the midnight hour
Hovers the pestilence. . . .
So over Judas
Came Satan, for his ruin near at hand,

And sent into his opened brain a dream
Treacherous. Quick he roused his beating heart
To sinful wishes ; sent into his soul
Feelings and thoughts stormy and full of fire.
Even thus the thunder on a sulphurous hill
Falling from heaven inflames it, and calls forth
New thunders thence, and rolling through the depths
Becomes a tempest. The high mystery
Of seraphim, whereby they can instil
In human souls high purposes, and thoughts
Worthy of immortality, was known
To Satan, to his heaver doom. There came,
Indeed, with the foreboding of true care,
Seraph Ithuriel back, to watch his charge.
But, when he saw above Iscariot's sleep
The Evil One spread forth, he trembling stood ;
Looked up to God ; and then resolved to rouse
The endangered slumberer. Thrice on wings of storm
Swept he above him through the roaring cedars ;
With mighty tread that made the hill-top tremble,
Thrice passed he the disciple ; but in vain.
Iscariot lay, with cold and bloodless cheeks,
As in a deadly slumber. Then the seraph
Covered his face. In the disciple's dream,
His father stood above him, looked on him
Sad, comfortless, and spoke with trembling voice.

“ Sleep'st thou, Iscariot, peaceful, free from care,
Tarrying so long away from Jesus' side,
As if thou knew'st not that he hates thee, places
Before thee all the rest of the disciples ?
Why art thou not with them around him still ?
Why seek'st thou not to win his heart again ?
Iscariot, ah ! to whom did I, thy father,
Leave thee in dying ? God ! by what neglect,
By what transgression has my race deserved
That I must come from out the realm of shades
And weep Iscariot and his mournful fate ?
Dost thou look forward, in Messiah's kingdom,
Which he now plants, to find thy happiness ?
Oh, thou deceiv'st thyself, thou wretched one !
Know'st thou not Peter, know'st thou not the sons

Of Zebedee, better beloved than thou?
These are the ones shall greater be, and lordlier.
These, by the side of Jesus, shall collect
Treasures, as streams, from the land's willing bounty.
The others, too, will win a heritage
Happier than thine, forsaken son ! from him,
Their own Messiah. Come, I'll show to thee
Their realm in all its majesty. Arise ;
Tremble not, Judas ! Man thyself ! Behold !
Seest thou before us, in its endless breadth,
The mountain stretching its long shadows far
Above the fruitful vale ? Incessantly,
Here, as from shining Ophir, shall be dug
Gold ; here the vale shall drop, through happy years,
Rich and exhaustless, with the overflow
Of blessing ; for the blest inheritance
Is this of his selected John ; and these,
That hill hung round with terraces of vines,
These meadows, overflowed with waving corn,
These are to Peter, him too more beloved,
By his Messiah given. Beholdest thou
The riches of the land ; the cities there,
High glancing to the sun, like the king's daughter,
Jerusalem, and filled with countless men,
Spread forth into the vale ? To bathe these towers,
New Jordans flow beneath the canopy
Of their high walls ; and gardens, rich with fruit
As Eden, shadow their gold-sanded banks :
These are the realms his chosen ones shall rule.
But thou, Iscariot ! seest thou in the distance
Yon narrow mountain land ? There lies it dreary,
Wild, stormy, uninhabited, o'ergrown
With withered thickets ; and above it rests
Night in cold, weeping clouds ; beneath her, ice
And northern snow gleam o'er the barren depths
Where birds ill-omen'd through the aged oaks
Flit ever, doomed to bear thee company
With solitude and darkness ! This is thine !
How, scorned disciple ! will the proud eleven
Pass thee in state, and with triumphant brow
Scarce mark thee in the dust ! Thou weepest, Judas,

In sorrow and in noble wrath. In vain
Thou weepest, son, in vain are all thy tears,
Poured forth in thy despair, if thou shalt fail
To stand firm for thyself. But list to me.
I open to thee all a father's heart.
Behold, Messiah in his work delays,
In his redemption, and that lordly throne
His word is pledged to build. To our great men
Is naught more hateful than to serve the King
Of Nazareth! Daily they conspire his death.
Rouse thyself, Judas! Act as if thou would'st
Deliver him to the expectant priests;
Not for revenge, because he hateth thee,
But only thus to move him, that at length
He show him weary of their persecutions,
And in his might, to strike them to the earth
With shame, confusion, and reproach, erect
His long-expected kingdom. Then wilt thou
Be the disciple of a dreaded Master.
Then wilt thou earlier hold thy heritage,
Small though it be; for thou canst then, if early
It comes to thy possession, yet with toil,
With watching, and with industry unfailing,
Building and bargaining, enrich thy portion,
That it may bear, if but a faint, resemblance
To others favored more. Besides, the priests,
Thankful for the surrender of their foe,
Will with their riches fill thine aiding hands.
This is the counsel of thine anxious father.
Look on me! Is it not my pale, dead face?
Yes: from the realm of shadows came I here,
With tender thought of thee, and show thy rescue
In dream. But thou awakest. Son, despise not
Thy father's warning voice. Let me not turn,
Mourning, with pain of heart, among the souls
Of the departed, to my place of rest."

THE philosophies of antiquity addressed themselves to the intellect: the simple words of Jesus lay hold of the heart.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CUBANS.

CHINESE AS SERVANTS.

CASES are now of every-day occurrence where entire families are poisoned since the importation of Chinese. These are continually taking the life of their overseers or of each other on the plantations. They often commit suicide. To have them as servants is a great risk, though they are superior as cooks, more cleanly and serve better than the blacks. I have heard such terrible accounts of these Chinese servants that I would never live in a house where such were employed. There seems to be such a peril of life here between the African Obi and the Chinese, one never feels safe. The slightest offense given a servant may cost one's life. No religion or moral sentiment among the lower orders, no sort of instruction ; for the Spanish priests give none, only taking all the money they can from the ignorant people for plenary indulgence and absolution,—themselves setting the very worst example, what can these people know of right or wrong ? The law alone teaches them, and how often here is it unjust ! There is a law prohibiting the sale of poisons to any one without a physician's certificate ; but the negro knows well what plants to use, and there are plenty of them who understand Obi and sell these preparations. Strange, unknown diseases appear, which baffle the doctor's skill and kill slowly,—this from African poisons. I am told the amount of crime is beyond all idea ; and this is much worse since the importation of the Chinese, who are far more to be dreaded than the African slave. People are asking where this is to end, for it becomes each year more terrible.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

The Catholic priests are Spanish, and of course are not the best specimens. The ladies, like most Catholic women,

are very devout in attending church regularly; the gentlemen never, or very rarely, go. They are very careful to have as little to do with these priests as possible: never, except in rare instances, do they invite or receive them into their houses. Of course all religious rites are strictly observed, for which the priest receives immediately his fee, and they see no more of him. A friend of mine, mother of several children, told me one day that she wished to take them to confession, for she believed having them converse with a good priest, and confessing their faults might make them more docile; for they were rather self-willed and getting beyond control. I was astonished, for they were only nine or ten years of age; yet I thought this rite might impress them as hoped. The mother is one of the most cultured and truly pious women I have known, liberal in her views, and takes the greatest care to instruct her children in their faith, as also reading the Word regularly to them. She heard of a good old priest who was a Cuban (such rare to find, government being opposed to any but Spaniards being priests): the children were taken to him; but I did not find them benefited much by confession, being too young to understand it. The want of proper Sunday-school instruction is much felt by all classes. The poorer class receive no instruction at all; the wealthier have their children taught every day, with their other studies, the tenets of their faith. In this way religion becomes a tiresome lesson, with the many articles of faith to be learned by rote, and the numerous crossings to be gone through with each day. I have seen quite young children wearied out and sick of religion ere they were old enough to comprehend the meaning of the word. Making the fine crosses on the forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, and breast, in the approved style, seems the essential part of the religious exercises. One poor little darky, four years old, a slave in a family, I saw so severely punished by her mother for not making these crosses correctly, it was cruel; but the mistress at once put an end to such punishment on learning what was going on in her slave's department. This is about the most the negroes know of religion.

SECLUSION OF THE WOMEN IN HAVANA.

I do not now wonder at the close confinement of the female sex in Havana and all over the island of Cuba. No lady can leave her house on foot unaccompanied ; and, as the men in the city are all too much occupied with business, and like to remain quiet when they come home in the evening, a vast number of women are shut up often for months without exercise and necessary out-door recreation. The wealthy class, who have carriages, go out every day driving and visiting ; but the rich only enjoy this. It is a mistaken notion that the Havanese enjoy life and have the amusements which the West Indian in the other isles enjoys. Owing to the bitter feeling existing between the Spaniard and Cuban, there is little of social life here ; even those possessing millions live retired and within their own family circle, eating, drinking, dressing, and driving to the Paseo, and about the city in the evening,—when they mostly do their shopping,—is the usual life. Of course they have sometimes the opera, which is much frequented. Very few balls or parties such as one would suppose. They are not the gay people I expected to find, as Spanish people generally are. They have more the seriousness of the North American than any other of the West India race.

To walk through the close, narrow streets of the city, and look in upon the family circle gathered in the evening in the saloon, is sad. The windows, reaching to the ground, with iron bars, are usually open to let in all the air, and the ground floor being the coolest part of the house, they sit there, quite indifferent and accustomed to the gaze of passers-by. These are of course the middle class,—the shopkeepers and artisans of the city, who reside inside the walls. The rich have fine palaces with gardens and courts enclosed, and cool balconies where they can enjoy the breeze, which are as impossible of access as palaces elsewhere. The young girls are all well-dressed. One sees the family party, which consists chiefly of women (the young men preferring outside amusements to being at home), all seated in rocking

chairs, rocking and fanning themselves, their amusement as general evening occupation. Young men do not visit young ladies here unless related to the family. To one accustomed to breathe the free air and enjoy the freedom of the northern customs, the life in Havana is any thing but desirable. Outside the old city walls on the Prado, the Paseo, and especially the Cerro, there are many very elegant and agreeable residences. Many of the houses on the Cerro have fine gardens.

As a general thing, however, the houses are not in keeping with the train of servants and expence of table, equipage and dress.

THEIR EQUIPAGE.

One finds many families who in any other country would be in most comfortable circumstances, and able to enjoy a well-kept, commodious house, living in what, to an American, would be absolute discomfort at home.

The number of elegant equipages in Havana is what strikes a stranger,—nowhere have I seen finer. They pay fabulous prices for fine carriage-horses, which are imported mostly from Canada. Harness of gold and silver is frequently used by the wealthy planters and rich nobility. The volante is, I think, the most agreeable of all vehicles, and some of the old-fashioned families still continue to prefer this. A lady never looks to better advantage (when well-dressed) than riding in one of these picturesque vehicles. Thrice ladies can be seated in one, and look like a bed of flowers, tastefully dressed, as they always are, the hair arranged as for a ball, and none understand this better than Cuban ladies.

GALA-DAYS.

On their gala-days, when the whole town go out in carriages on the Paseo, the procession is as beautiful as can be seen in any European city. Easter Sunday is their greatest fiesta, when in the morning early there is a procession on foot of all the children in the city, most elegantly dressed. The papas usually accompany them, while elder sisters and

mothers go in their carriages, also most beautifully dressed. This before breakfast when the air is fresh, as are the early mornings usually in Cuba.

INDUSTRY OF THE CUBANS,— AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

Unlike most Southern people, the Cuban is up early and at work ; they are not at all the lazy race it is thought, and as are most Creoles. The men are educated for business, and work as hard as any northern men ; the children at their studies often as early as seven o'clock, while the ladies attend to directing household matters. Manual labor is not needful, there being slaves ; but I believe the brain-work of the master is as hard as with most other people. I believe there is no city of the same size where so much money is made as in Havana, nor where so much is spent. Any kind of servant costs nineteen dollars a month, and a really good one double this. A family of six or seven members keeps two washerwomen, and an extra one for the servants' clothes. The destruction and waste of these domestics is enormous, for they do not understand the word economy ; and it seemed to me these dependents enjoyed the comforts of life, more than the masters : they are certainly better cared for than any servants I have seen. Many of these colored maids dress nearly as well as the mistress. I have seen them spend as much as two ounces (thirty-four dollars) for the dress for a ball. Money is so easily gained here by servants that they spend lavishly, without a care for the morrow. The colored maids are generally good *modistes* and hair-dressers, and adorn their mistress in this according to their own taste, which is excellent. Of course they study all the new French fashions, improving on them.

I cannot help remarking here the extravagance in clothing of the Havanese. A lady who is staying here with us comes out every morning in a clean white cambric or embroidered dress ; she usually uses, each day, two or three fresh dresses ere she attires herself for the evening. The maid and nurse attending her also are dressed each day in clean linen

dresses, the children several times. This lady has a slave to do nothing but wash her dresses,—another for her children. The laundry is the most important branch in a tropical household, and it is certainly a great luxury in such a climate to have fresh clothes several times a day. One gentleman I have been told of who dresses entirely with fresh clothes four times a day, whose washing costs him over seventy dollars a month. Certainly no people in the world are better dressed than the Havanese for good taste and cleanliness.

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

The Cubans are extremely fond of their children, having them with them on all possible occasions. As a general thing the father takes the greatest care of those dependent on him, providing all his means allow, while the mothers are (like creoles generally) the most devoted of women to their children and husbands. They make most faithful wives, and are, in the highest degree, careful in their deportment, never forgetting their womanly dignity. Unlike the Spanish and other continental nations of Europe, they have here the most rigid customs for married ladies. A lady never goes out in any society unless accompanied by her husband, or a near male relative. If her husband is abroad, she leads a retired, secluded life until his return. Never have I seen women more careful (this applies of course to the educated class), and they carry prudence to an extreme which probably the character of the Spaniard renders necessary. Spanish women, in every class, are exceedingly free in manner, but the Cuban more careful than the Anglo-Saxon. Within their family they are most affectionate and considerate of those around them, seeming always to be thinking of the happiness and well-being of each separate member attached to the household; most tender to their children and husbands, for whom no sacrifice is too great to make. If any one of the family is ill, the mother and sisters never leave the house until the invalid is restored to health and can go with them.

I have seen these often suffering in health from long confinement to the house when a relative has been long ill, but they cannot be induced to break through this custom.

LEAVING HAVANA FOR THE COUNTRY.

Christmas is the time all who can leave their business go out to their country places for some weeks,—the time for family gatherings, when my friend's father, Don Gonzato, assembles all his children around him. He has six of his children married and living in Havana; when assembled with the grandchildren there are near fifty members. When all the cousins are counted they make an army. This family is one of the oldest and most respected in the island, and I cannot say too much in their favor; for, cultured in heart as in intellect, I have found them nothing but goodness. All the ladies speak English and French well, as also Spanish. What I most admire in them is the heart culture and the love which reigns among them. Although I have been intimately associated for years with them, I never knew of any ill feeling or disunion of any sort among them, neither heard an unkind expression of others. Of the old gentleman, it is said he has never been known to speak an unkind one in his life, nor has he an enemy. I think he is the man most esteemed in Havana. There is much that is patriarchal in these Cuban families; they do not like to be separated, live much within their own family circle, are rather reticent on first acquaintance; but once they know you well and like you, they never change, and you can depend on their friendship. They are not in the least fickle. When they knew me well I soon became as one of the family, felt quite at home and at liberty to do as I liked. I therefore soon got interested in all their interests, and learned a great deal from them about the island and affairs here.

We left Havana before dawn for the plantation, when the atmosphere was as sultry as midsummer. I could scarce breathe in the cars; but in half an hour we arrived in the fragrant, cool regions of the sugar-cane,—where I found

it so cold I had to put on a large shawl. In a few hours we came to our stopping-place, where we found volantes awaiting us, and had a delightful drive through cane-fields a league long. Here nothing is to be seen but sugar-cane, relieved by groves of the royal palm. The large and costly plantations of the A—— family are here, belonging to the different branches. These are among the finest in Cuba. The proprietor of the one I am visiting owns several others in other parts of the isle, besides many large cattle farms and elegant *cafetals*. On this plantation he has built a large mansion, with beautiful gardens about it for the delight of his children, — though they only pass a few weeks here at Christmas.

The large buildings for the steam-mill, sugar boiling and refining departments, together with the dwelling for the laborers, the hospital, home for the little slave children, various workshops and stables, granaries, &c., give such a property the appearance of a small town.

We have a pleasant party assembled, and I enjoy to the full their intelligent conversation, added to the ambrosial zephyrs which we have at all times, sometimes from the boiling sugar, which is most pleasant, as well as the many sweet flowers around. The violet grows luxuriantly here, every variety of rose, heliotrope in thousands, as every other flower. The air is freighted with sweets. This place is named Majagua.

R. K.

INDECISION.—There is nothing worse for man than uncertainty and indecision; nothing which weakens and tends more to make him useless. Indecision is to the will what skepticism is to the mind. Give a man a definite object, and if he will devote himself to it, he will attain it. Let him hesitate between two different ways, without a fixed rule to guide his conduct; let him be ignorant of his intention; let him not know whither he is going, and you will see his energy relax, his strength diminish, and he will stop.—*Balmes.*

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A TRUE record of any human life, however obscure, is interesting to every part of the race. If one can only speak simply of himself, without running in the grooves of the conventional and the commonplace, and without egotism and conceit, we listen earnestly to his story.

This idea is the starting-point of the writer of these notes. He trusts, that, since to man nothing human is alien from his sympathies, he may, not unacceptably, bring forward a few leaves from his own experience. He has nothing to say of himself, to be justified, either on account of eminent intellectual endowments, or by any prominent positions he has occupied in church or state.

Why then, it will be asked, obtrude one's self on the public, with this slight claim to their attention? The answer is, that circumstances have brought the writer largely into contact with those who were distinguished for their genius and achievements, and with many who have filled conspicuous offices, and from association with whom the humblest individual may have gathered much of deep interest. And this interest is felt by all who have known such individuals either personally or through the magic powers of the tongue or the press.

Then, again, old age is narrative, and the review of one's past days, pleasant in itself, becomes a zestful employment when the full mind can pour forth its treasures to others. To some it is enough to communicate in this way by the lips alone and to the lesser circles of the home or the few gathered friends. Others may be less blest with the set phrase of speech; and such may find a relief through the pen in the expression of "thoughts that breathe," even though not gifted with "words that burn." My hope is, while not obtruding offensively my personal experiences on stranger ears, nor yet seeking to put my own thought and life into set moral phrase, still, incidentally, whether by warning or encourage-

ment, to leave impressions by the way which shall comport with the high aims of this journal.

Far back, near the opening of this century, my parents were residing in a quiet country village, on a spot not only stereotyped in its every field and wood on my mind, but memorable in history. The question is often raised, and is of interest in psychology,—To what period in childhood's earliest days can memory carry us back in subsequent years? In my own case I am quite sure this date occurred before the close of my fourth year. My father was a farmer, and, like other children, I was very fond of animals. He had in his barn-yard one animal of a pugnacious disposition; and I recollect distinctly looking through the fence and making signs to tempt her to come towards me. Not satisfied with this, I went forward and stood face to face with her. She ran towards me, threw me up in the air on her horns, and, when I fell to the ground, stamped one of her feet on the temples near my eye, and left a mark which has remained there through life. My mother has told me that when I was taken up by my father, the apron which I wore had been nearly all carried through one of the arm-holes by the horn of the cow. The wearing of this garment confirms my belief that I could not have been but three or four years old. Yet I recall clearly the enraged look of that animal when she attacked me; and most vividly do I recollect the pain I suffered when the doctor closed up the wound with a needle. The marks of the three stitches he took are still plainly to be seen. Modern surgery would have applied a healing substance to the wound, and thus prevented a permanent disfigurement.

I remember perfectly attending the ordination of a minister, when five years old, at the church in my native village. The entrance of the multitude into the house, followed by a band of music, an accompaniment which continued in that town, if not in others, until some dozen years later, at a subsequent ordination, impressed my young mind deeply. When the ministers ascended the old pulpit, although it was very high, I was situated too low in the pew to see the venerable men, as they filed up, in gown, cassock and bands, to their seats;

and I feel now my kind mother's arm as she lifted me so that I could stand on the seat. There I saw the whole group surmounted, or rather overshadowed, by the broad sounding-board. Even back in those early days I used to imagine, as I saw the winds of summer sway that mysterious mass, what would be the consequences to the incumbent of the desk underneath it if that slender rod should break.

We hear a great deal of the inefficacy of preaching; and, when I think of the arrangements of that old church, I do not wonder that in those days the word preached was often to so little profit. The house was large, had an abundance of broad, high windows which rattled at every breeze, and let in quantities of cold air. My father's pew was in a corner of the house, and caught a double portion from those that seemed to me howlings of bad spirits. Many an hour I sat there, knocking my little feet together, envying my grandfather with that nice bearskin muff of his on the floor. A ray of heat from the family foot-stove occasionally was my only solace. The minister was long in his sermon, a Hopkinsian in doctrine, and therefore hopelessly unintelligible to me. His prayers were of tedious length, and the discord of the falling seats at the end of them was the music of relief to my ears. So tired was I of those heavy hours, that I learned early, and have never forgotten the wisdom of the motto: "It is better to leave people longing than loathing." Our minister we all thought very good; but so unsmiling and fearfully solemn was he in his daily manner, that many a time, on seeing him approach, I would cross the street and rush by him at my best speed.

About this period I was attending school in a small wooden tenement on our "Common;" and I remember well the weary six hours a day in which I sat on a bench too high to give my feet rest on the floor. With no earthly employment, I would beguile what seemed the endless hours of a summer day by reaching about to catch some hapless fly, and, when detected, was cut short of even that poor comfort by a pinch of the ear. What tortures were practiced in those days on our young bodies. I knew one who suffered through life

from a disease of the spine contracted by a forced sitting on a bench of this destructive form. And no wonder, when I add, that, in common with the whole school, this helpless victim was deprived of any recess, and fixed every day, morning and afternoon, for three successive hours on one of these wretched seats.

On a certain occasion there occurred near my schoolhouse, that fascinating exhibition, the parade of a company of soldiers. We little fellows were as restless as if manacled head and foot, under our terrible confinement. The teacher, kind woman, said to my class: "Now I will give you the word 'baker'; and the one who can spell it first may go out and see the trainers." What a prize was this! I immediately threw all the energies of my young soul into the task, and very soon hastened to the teacher, spelt the word promptly, and rushed out to the spectacle. Whatever evils have come from these military displays, and some think them great, this one I feel confident did me a vast good. I am not sure that it was not the starting-point of my subsequent success as a speller. For through life, amid many deficiencies in other branches of study, I have seldom been obliged to resort to a dictionary for the right spelling of any ordinary word in the language.

Not far from this time, I think, I was taken to the funeral of an aged relative. While standing by the coffin I was lifted up to see a ghastly form, the first of the kind on which I had ever looked. The pallid, shrunken and stiff features, the strange shroud, together with the awe-stricken faces around and the darkened room, gave me a gloomy conception of death from which I have never entirely recovered. I often think had this been a sweet infant in its natural dress, and with a cross or a coronet of bud and blossom upon it, how changed had been all my associations with this event. Instead of this, my unhappy impression was deepened by the tone and manner in which this death was spoken of afterward by all who alluded to it in my hearing. Nothing but pity was ever expressed for the dead. "Poor man!" "poor child!" were the chief epithets employed; rarely was any allusion made to the transition of the departed into a brighter

and better world. The idea of the lost one — lost indeed! — having gone to a "happy land" would have been inconsistent with the look on every face, the expression of every voice and the whole tone of the conversation. Death itself overshadowed all other thoughts and feelings, and crossing the "narrow stream" was an unmixed calamity.

So depressing was the effect of this erroneous view on my mind, that in subsequent years I resolved if Providence should ever bless me with children, my earliest and latest effort should be to give them cheerful and correct views of death. The present generation, now that the form is robed in the dress of the living and encircled with bright flowers, emblems of life and immortality, have cause for daily gratitude. Thanks that death is no longer called or treated as "the king of terrors." Thanks that our children are not taught, as was then the almost universal practice, that we should seek religion because we are to die. On the past age the glorious truth had hardly dawned, that through Christ, we have passed from death unto life. I well recollect, while standing, when a child, in the tomb where had just been deposited the body of one whom I had known as a neighbor, with what a fearful power the feeling came over me that I, too, must be laid in the earth, and for that reason mainly must make my peace with God.

Salvation was represented in my hearing as an escape from hell; and that word was girt round in my mind with the associations of an outward fire and an endless and unmitigated torture. This view was a cause of daily suffering; I saw no attractive features in the character of God. He was set before me as a stern and inexorable Judge, never as a Father. That conception of him now so common in all denominations, orthodox as well as heterodox, was then almost unknown. Occasionally there was to be found a Universalist; but this sect I was taught to look upon as in a fearful error. To believe in anything short of the endless punishment of the wicked was regarded as the most dangerous of heresies.

My love of home was very strong, and it made me cling to the side of my mother with an extraordinary tenacity. As

far back as memory carries me, I was placed for a time with my grandparents in the country. My grandmother was kind and tender toward me, and I loved her dearly in her place, but she was not my mother. And, after enduring the separation until my heart had nearly broken, I used to ask which way my home lay. I see now the window out of which I one day looked with longing, aching eyes, on being told there was the road that led to my home. On a certain Sunday my grandparents had taken that road on their way to church. Waiting a reasonable time, I resolved to set out on foot for the dear place. The fact that I had been told it was forty miles to it—a matter I could but poorly conceive of—did not deter my resolute spirit. See me then on my journey, with a step light as that of the fox, pushing my way onward. A mile is past, when lo! I come to the church just as the congregation are emerging from its doors. The quick eye of my grandfather lights upon me. "What does this mean?" "Where are you going?" "I am going to see my dear mother," was the determined reply. What a leaden weight was laid on my little heart when I was told I must ride back with them! All my hopes blighted in one sad moment!

I think parents often err by compelling a child of so tender years and spirit to be parted from a home to which, like mine, his whole soul is knit. When I recall the anguish I have again and again suffered at a prolonged separation from my own fireside, I feel sure there are some children who can never be weaned from home by any length or sternness of discipline to that end. And I am confident in this way an irreparable injury is often done the whole character of the child by the mistaken judgment and persistent efforts of his parents.

As we trust the long-tried affection of a human friend when, for reasons satisfactory to him, he now and then withholds from us his ultimate purposes; so pious souls, acquiescing in ignorance, and conscious of absolute dependence on the Parent Mind, dissolve their fears and their doubts in perfect faith.

ROMAN CATACOMBS.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

UNDER the title of "Subterranean Rome," Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow have published the latest and most elegant tribute to that pictorial and sculptured life of the primitive church in its tombs. There are a thousand miles of excavated corridors, in forty-two different catacombs, within the circuit of three miles from the city walls, embracing over six million tombs. Both carvings and paintings betray the fact of belonging to a humble class. Not only are there mistakes in orthography and etymology, a confusion of Greek with Roman words, uneven lines and letters of various size, but the work itself is rudely done, sometimes merely scratched, and never in the highest style of art.

The Scripture delineations begin with the Fall of Adam, his expulsion from Eden, Noah in the ark, the sacrifice of Abraham, Moses receiving the tables and striking the rock, the escape of Jonah, Daniel with the lions, the ascent of Elijah, from the Old Testament; and the nativity, the adoration of the magi, the Cana miracle, that of the loaves, of the blind, of the cripple, and of Lazarus, Christ's triumphal entry, St. Peter's denial and arrest, the soldiers crowning Jesus and smitting him with a reed, from the Gospels.

Then there are symbolic representations. The Good Shepherd most of all, and in various attitudes, the vine, the olive, the rock, a light, a column, a fountain, a lion, a king, a giant, a gate, a hand, a house, a net, a vineyard; but, oftener than all these together, a fish, its Greek letters the initials of the title "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour,"—relating to the miraculous supply at the Lake and to the Apostles' commission as fishers of men. Then there is the dove representing the Holy Spirit, a candelabrum signifying illumination, a ship denoting the church, a fish bearing a basket in expression of the eucharist, a lion for fortitude, a cock for watchfulness, a dove for simplicity, a peacock for immortality, a phoenix for resur-

rection ; and among trees, the palm for victory, the olive for good works, the cypress for death, and the vine for the union of believers with their Lord.

Bosio, the first great student of the catacombs, intended to illustrate by them the antiquity of such Romish usages as extreme unction, and succeeded in winning back some Protestants to the Romish Church. As they run into the fifth century and later, it is not strange that supreme dignity is assigned by them to the Virgin Mother, that St. Peter sometimes bears a rod as the vicegerent of Christ, that there is a division of the clergy into bishops, priests, deacons, acolites and exorcists, that pedo-baptism is represented perhaps four times,—the beginning of saint's worship and the germ of nunnery. Undoubtedly the monogram representing Jesus is often connected with the word "God ;" but as this sign indicates, says Northcote, the time of Constantine, no one is surprised at this article of the creed having become popular in the fourth century. Jesus is almost uniformly represented as young and beardless, as performing miracles, or seated in the midst of his disciples, oftenest under the typical character of the Good Shepherd. Kugler supposed a medallion in the Saint-Nereus Cemetery to be the oldest portrait of our Saviour in existence, and describes it as "an oval face with a straight nose and arched eyebrows, a rather high forehead, the expression serious and mild, the hair parted on the forehead, flowing in long curls down the shoulders, the beard not thick but short and divided ; the age between thirty and forty."

Two curious facts have recently come to light about these ancient Christian burial places,—that of Pope Cajus having to live eight years thus entombed, and then coming forth only to suffer martyrdom ; and that of the Emperor Numerianus driving a multitude down among these graves of their kindred, then walling them in with stone and sand so that they should perish slowly together,—some of the silver cruets remaining with which they celebrated the Last Supper, no doubt in joy at being counted worthy to suffer for Christ.

By far the most interesting thing in this disinterment of ancient Roman piety is its revelation of the noble spirit of

these early martyrs. As chapel after chapel is thrown open, where worship was maintained by torchlight which it would have been death to celebrate in the eye of day, one detects no thirst for revenge, no curse of their persecutors, no sigh over such fearful sacrifice, none of that heathenish dread of death which disfigures some modern cemeteries. But everywhere, and many thousand times over, the benediction of peace, joy at being permitted to die for Jesus, hope blossoming in the tomb like that rosebud in a child's coffin which was found at the grave to have burst into bloom. In the midst of the lava-stream of persecution, in constant sacrifice of all the world holds dear, no wail comes back to us from these old stones! no weeping willow laments over the untimely slain! no frowning spectre threatens with scythe or dart!

But every word is of cheer. Every picture is inspiring. Many a carved emblem is of triumph, as the palm-branch on the martyr's sepulchre, the wreaths of immortality over the child's tomb, the sign of Christ's resurrection over the Bishop's bones, the assurance in unnumbered forms of sleeping with Jesus, of reaping an infinite reward in the future, and of being wafted on angelic wings into angelic bliss. No doubt, as heathen converts entered into the church of the resurrection during these early centuries, their bosoms overflowed with joy that "death was abolished" for them and "immortality brought to light;" that they looked forward not to any graveyard sleep, but to an intenser life beyond the tomb: that the martyr's flames did not consign them to utter darkness, but bore them up, as is seen in the frescoed chariot of Elijah, into heavenly glory, so that they were "like one who from long travel in a distant land exultant turns him home."

ACCOMMODATION TO ONE'S LOT.—It is a proverbial saying, that every one makes his own destiny; and this is usually interpreted, that every one, by his wise or unwise conduct, prepares good or evil for himself; but we may also understand it, that, whatever it be that he receives from the hand of Providence, he may so accommodate himself to it that he will find his lot good for him, however much may seem to others to be wanting.—*Humboldt.*

THE MONTH.

INSTALLATIONS. We are glad to record as important occurrences of the last month the installation, at Brighton, of the Rev. Thomas Timmins, and at Newton, of the Rev. Eli Fay. These brethren are no novices, but come to their new fields of labor rich in experience and crowned with the "good report" which follows faithful and consecrated service. The churches of which they are made overseers have reason to rejoice and give thanks—since at this day the laborers are so few—that the Lord of the vineyard has sent unto them these tried and approved servants to help them in preparing for his vintage.

The settlement of ministers is of so frequent occurrence that its full and proper significance is not appreciated; and an ecclesiastical transaction of the gravest moment, bearing directly upon the deepest and holiest interests of society, is regarded as a well-enough custom simply, but nothing more. This was not always so; and we think the old view of the matter not only more consonant with the fact, but far better in its influence. We would gladly see our parishes awake to a lively and penetrating sense of the religious import, of the various and far-reaching effect, of what is done when they call a new minister into their pulpit, and when neighboring churches, by pastors and delegates assembled in solemn council, perform, at their request and in their stead, the simple, touching, sacred rites of induction. The churches have suffered incalculably, of late years, from the looseness of their action—which is only the effect of previous looseness in their thinking—in respect to this most vital thing to them,—the choice and settlement of their ministers. Candidacy has become, in most cases, the poorest conceivable farce. No real knowledge of the candidate as to things essential—as to learning, faith, piety, discretion, adaptation to the social condition and wants of the people, as to any

thing, indeed, beyond his general appearance and his "delivery"—is obtained or even sought. Often it is but a "rattle" that pleases, and sometimes but a "straw" that is settled. Not infrequently the question of a "call" is decided upon a single hearing. A man's offering himself as a candidate, especially if a graduate of a Divinity School, is accepted as *prima facie* evidence that he is a Christian in faith and consecrated in spirit to the work of the Christian ministry. But this evidence really amounts to nothing. It is of no weight whatever; and parishes, without being over-fastidious and exacting, cannot be too cautious and inquisitive in the choice of their ministers nor put too high an estimate on the consequences for good or ill involved in it. Moreover, when they have chosen and settled their minister and he is striving to do faithfully with the best of his ability the work that is given to him to do, they cannot "esteem him too highly in love" nor cherish him too warmly. The language of their hearts should be, "We will help him all we can and never let him go;" whilst that of his should be, "Here, please God, will I do my best for the church of his Son, and here will I die."

Our readers will thank the "Magazine," we are sure, for presenting them the abstract which follows of the Sermon, Charge, and Address to the people, at Brighton.

DR. LOTHROP'S SERMON.

"Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am."—John xiii. 13.—A brief, satisfactory answer to those who claim to be disciples of Christ, yet object to calling him Lord,—a pretty conclusive refutation of their position. The text suggests our theme,—the divine authority of Jesus Christ as a teacher of religious truth and moral duty. We should cleave to this authority. Our faith should rest upon it and be built up from it. We should delight to call Jesus 'Master and Lord,'—titles which he himself sanctions, and which the church from the beginning has universally applied to him. We must not, we should not, feel our spiritual liberty infringed, but rather enlarged, illumined, sanctified, made a glorious and blessed liberty, by the authority of Christ, sur-

rounding, pervading, impregnating it ; just as the atmosphere surrounding, pervading, impregnating our bodies preserves and invigorates our physical health and strength. We should take comfort, find strength in the unequivocal, emphatic declaration of the text, which asserts the spiritual Lordship of Christ, his unquestionable authority in the realm of religious truth and duty, as a teacher whose utterances of a divine wisdom were upheld and confirmed by the exhibitions of divine power. This confirmation, a direct divine instruction and authority from which to derive and on which to rest his religious faith, this is what man needed ; and he needs it now as much as two thousand years ago. Study the whole history of the religious thought, opinion and worship of mankind, survey the present condition of religious thought, opinion and worship in all lands outside of Christendom, where the gospel has not penetrated with any great influence, direct or indirect, and if there be any one fact which such study and survey exhibit more clearly, and enforce more strongly than another, it is this, — that man, left to himself, without the guidance of a spiritual wisdom profounder than his own, has never yet attained to clear, elevated, enlarged spiritual conceptions of God and of his own relations to him : always he has, always he will diverge into one or the other extreme of polytheism or pantheism, and thus sink into debasing superstition and idolatry, or into a cold, withering materialism. Man needed, man needs, a special 'teacher come from God.' Such a teacher is Christ, 'our Master and our Lord.'

" The occasion does not permit a full statement even, much less a full presentment, of the great argument upon which this position rests. Its great foundation is the authenticity and genuineness of the New Testament Scriptures. In fact this is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of the argument. If these Scriptures can be shown to be false, forged, unworthy of credit, there is an end of Christianity ; there is no reliable source from which we can know or learn anything about Christ or his gospel. If there be good reason to believe that these Scriptures are authentic and genuine, plain, simple, truthful narratives of the life of Jesus of Naz-

reth, his words and deeds, the essential incidents of his mission and ministry, then there can be no question as to the divine authority of Christ, or as to the sense in which the *Christian* heart should regard him as its 'Master and its Lord.' Time and time again, century after century, the ablest minds and the best scholars of many successive generations have examined this question of the authenticity and genuineness of the Christian Scriptures, and have reached the same conclusion,—that they were to be received as truthful records, the source of Christian knowledge and basis of Christian faith. If we turn to the records themselves, to either or all the Gospels, there is one thing very observable and significant, and turning very directly upon this point of authenticity,—Christ never asked advice of man or admitted responsibility to man; never conferred with others as to the truth, wisdom, righteousness of his words or deeds. Moses said thus, tradition and the elders say thus; but *I say unto you* thus,—and he used this form of expression with a frequency and an emphasis which show that he permitted no questioning and entertained no doubt or distrust. If there be any one fact in the life and character of Christ as given in the Gospels more striking and distinct than another, it is his absolute independence of all human counsel, advice, suggestion, the lofty, the sublime solitariness with which the Gospels present him to us. He appeals to God,—'The works that I speak unto you are not mine, but the Father's that sent me;' but to man he never appeals. To man he always presents himself as 'Master and Lord,' speaking with authority, '*I say unto you.*'

"What is the nature of this authority? It is moral and spiritual, appealing to reason and conscience. Truth is its edict, holiness its aim, love and mercy its agencies, and its scope—the realm where it would bear sway—is the heart. It is an authority bearing directly upon the individual heart. It has no special ecclesiastical organization through which it demands, receives, and acknowledges allegiance. Thought, feeling, passion, purpose, the whole inner man of which the outward is the manifestation,—this is the seat of Christ's

authority ; and here it must be a real authority, our acknowledgement of which must be constant and universal, because the soul is not a confederation or union of power, but a unit, in which all faculties, powers, forces, are welded into one consciousness and become, in their action, the execution of one will. Brought to this test, tried by it, many of us would be convicted of disloyalty to the 'Master.' Of many other precepts we might say with the young man in the Gospel, '*All these have I kept from my youth up;*' but just at the point of our most signal faults and failures, just at the point of our 'most easily besetting sins,' there we reserve jurisdiction to ourselves and trample upon the authority of Christ. But there is a more fatal disloyalty than this, more fatal because it blots out the light of revelation and leaves man afloat upon the great ocean of religious thought and speculation, with no authoritative guide to follow in humble reverence, no teacher at whose feet he may sit in faith and trust, a meek learner of truth and duty. They who trample upon the authority of Christ in their conduct often have a profound reverence for that authority in their hearts, and are continually goaded by a rebuking conscience that may at length beget penitence and reformation. But when we take from Christ his most potent distinction, when we deny him all special divine inspiration and authority as a teacher come from God, our disloyalty becomes radical and destructive ; it undermines the very foundations of faith, and takes from the Gospel all power to give strength and life to the soul. We should shrink from this disloyalty, and receive Jesus Christ, not as a mere development of humanity, but as the Son of God, 'the Word made flesh,'—his Gospel not as the product of man's reason and moral instincts, but as a revelation out of the eternal wisdom and love of the Father, whose high sanctions and authority, beginning amid the thunders of Sinai, find their confirmation in the words and deeds of one who spake as never man spake, and did the deeds which no man could do unless God were with him.

" The subject upon which these few hints have been offered is appropriate to this occasion, and is on all occasions now-a-

days forced upon our attention by the aspects and tendencies of the times. It is a period not only of intense industrial and commercial, but of intellectual, social, moral and religious activity, and everywhere there is confusion and conflict, a sharp antagonism of thought, opinion, and purpose. The Bishop of Rome and his *Œcumene* Council, asserting the claims and prerogatives of the Roman Catholic Church more distinctly and strenuously than has been done for three hundred years, indicate one extreme, and the gathering of scientific and political liberals and radicals at Naples indicates the other extreme of this antagonism. At all points between these extremes there is conflict; and some fear that in the struggle Christianity is to be overborne, lose its hold upon the heart and conscience of the world, and become an obsolete religion. But the history of Christianity, from the babe in the Bethlehem manger,—from the child growing in stature and in favor with God and man, till through inspiration and the pouring out upon him of 'the Spirit without measure' he developed into the God-man; whose feet trod firmly the unstable billows, an emblem of the moral and spiritual Christ walking serene over the billows of the ages, his Gospel a pharos to the world, surviving all political and social convulsions down to the present time,—this history should dissipate all fear of this sort, and deepen our conviction of the permanence and the power of the Gospel. It will ever hold and enlarge its place and its power in the world. Only let us be faithful. 'Christ our Master and our Lord,'—let us be loyal to that thought, firmly and thoroughly loyal. Let there be no concealment or hypocrisy; no entering the pulpit the better to attack and impair the very interests which the pulpit is instituted to uphold and defend. If there be any one form of treason morally more despicable than another, it is to enter the *Christian* pulpit, not only without that faith, that conviction which leaps with joy and gratitude to call Jesus 'Master and Lord,' but with a settled purpose to undermine that faith, to destroy that conviction. That faith, that conviction, is alike the power of the pulpit and the hope and defense, the glory and progress, of the world. Let us cleave

to it, cherish, cultivate it, till it accomplish its purpose,—the regeneration of the world.'

DR. PEABODY'S CHARGE.

The preacher was addressed as, first of all, the minister of Christ. "You are not invited to give these waiting souls your own reasonings and intuitions, or the results of your own brief experience, nor to hold forth your own character as the ideal which they are to reproduce in spirit and in life. Take away the Bible,—they would not want you. Blot out the name of Christ,—they would close this edifice, or turn it into shops and offices." The great question for the minister to answer is, How would Christ, were he on earth, preach, converse, and live among this people. These were the three heads of the charge.

Under the head of preaching, a part of the exhortation was, "Call moral acts by their right names, and spare not the plain, rough, Saxon words which have in them a power of moral demonstration and rebuke tenfold of what belongs to our smoother terms of Latin or Norman birth. If peculation had always been called stealing, the fraudulent bankrupt a thief, the man who invents or distorts facts in the interest of party, corporation or client a liar, we should have a much more healthy condition of the community than we now have. Were our Saviour here now, his very love for sinners would inspire the use of the plainest and most pungent words in the language to describe and denounce their guilt; and if you, my friend, have a love like his for those of his flock who have gone astray, you will use great plainness of speech as regards every form of moral evil, yet always meekly and lovingly."

Under the head of conversation, the minister was advised not to inflict untimely homilies on his people, but to be perpetually on the watch for the opportunity to say the word in season.

Under the head of living, the minister was reminded, "It is your mission to be a living Gospel, known and read of all around you. Many will look to you as the exponent of Chris-

tianity, and will be attracted to it or repelled from it by the embodiment of it which they behold in you. Your preaching, your informal utterances, are but counters, in themselves of but little value, which will derive their significance and worth from your character. Your word will have the power or the weakness which your life gives to it. Make it Christ to live, and you cannot but preach Christ. Take heed to yourself; see that you grow continually in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and your doctrine will drop like the rain, your speech will distil like the dew upon every plant of your heavenly Father's planting, bringing up, instead of the thorn, the fir-tree; instead of the briar, the myrtle."

REV. L. J. LIVERMORE'S ADDRESS.

"The fashion of our times," Mr. Livermore said, "tends to make this relation ever more and more changeable and uncertain of tenure. Yet we do not accept this as the right or happiest way. Every new man is put into his place with the utterance of the hope that the union may be long, peaceful, vital, growing into toughness of fibre, like the union of the members of a healthy body. Though the words are apt to sound faint and spectral, as it were ghosts of hopes rather than real forward lookings, as to a thing likely to be, he would take it for granted that this people do truly hope that the ministry now established among them will be long; that he who takes up before them the burden and the joy of the cross to-day honestly purposes to hold fast to the work the Lord gives to him here. But that such may be the happy sequel, it is required of them to be reasonable in their demands on him, and equally reasonable in their demands on themselves; and of these two, the latter is the more essential, that they shall make reasonable demands on themselves. Any one who is conversant with the modes of action and thought among our parishes knows that the very uniform strain of inquiry is, 'What will the minister do for us?' Seldom does it appear that the people are honestly and earnestly desirous to know what they can do themselves to help the minister. 'We want a minister who will interest the

young ; who will enliven the Sunday-school ; who will promote a social spirit among us ; who will draw large congregations ; who will fill up the church ; rent all the pews ; make our taxes lighter ; who will infuse new life into all parts of our social and religious organism.'

"It would be very well," said the speaker, "if the minister should say all this to himself ; should heartily resolve to do his utmost in his own strength, and in the better strength that comes from God to the faithful laborer, to pour a full tide of life, especially of religious life, into the whole church. But it is not so well that the people should insist on all this. It tends to create a corresponding and adverse feeling in the minister. It is not strange, if, while the people are so careful to recite in order all the duties and possibilities of a faithful ministry, exacting in anticipation the strain on nerve and heart and muscle and brain that will make him grow old two years in one, the minister is inclined, in his turn, to centre his thoughts on what he expects the people to do for him ; so that one, if not surprised, is pained, to hear from that side only of salary, vacations, only one service, not being bound to the Sunday-school, and scanty measure of pastoral services. Suppose all this reversed ; suppose that their thoughts, as they have looked forward to this and the coming days, have been and are of the heart and strength and self-sacrifice they can put into their religious life ; that they are anxious to know how they can double, yes, many times multiply the good the pastor shall do by their co-operation, their labors, their fervor, their zeal, their spiritual sympathy ; that they look to him only as their leader, helping them in the doing of their own work as Christians. How much better the omen of success if this is their spirit !

"No Christian church is worthy of the name," Mr. L. continued, "that has not life enough to be vigorous, effective and flourishing, even without a minister. Too much, by far, have we been trying to get on upon the plan of hanging on the minister, as if he lived, loved, worshiped, and served God for us. Oh ! the depressing weight of an inert people, hanging on the minister, who, when he stands up in the

house of God, and says, 'Let us pray,' feels a pang of conscience at the implied falsehood, knowing that the people do not pray, and that if they attain any spiritual elevation, it is by his own dead lift. Surely his heart will break, or he will, at least, find relief in becoming as inert as they, mechanically uttering the conventional phrases of prayer, in which the blessed reality of worship is not. Oh, how sweet and inspiring the office of the minister, when, in earnest faces, in sympathetic looks, in all he learns of his people by daily converse, he has the assurance that they join with him in the words of prayer and enter with him into the holy of holies of devout communion with God! Touched as with a coal from the altar? Yes, touched and lifted up by the spirit of God, he prays indeed, and is himself blessed while he blesses others; is lifted up while his people rise with him into the peace of God. How doubly blessed his ministry if this vitality in worship is the type of entire co-operation of heart and hand in his whole work! . . . Who of you doubts," he said, "that in the measure that this is now, and shall continue to be, your spirit, the work of the Lord will prosper among you, and the ministry begun to-day grow continually more rich in all the fruits of the Christian life and work.

"For what do we have a minister? What is the proper aim of his labor? You all know how many inferior aims come into the sum of your hopes and expectations almost necessarily: aims more or less selfish, unspiritual and worldly. But you know, too, that there is only one that can suffice to make the ministry worth while. Why take all this pains, rear these walls, furnish this house of worship, tax yourselves for the minister's salary, for the support of the Sunday-school, and for all the other apparatus of a religious society, but that one object of transcendent importance presses itself on our attention: one thing so worthy, so honorable, so necessary that we may well call it the one thing needful? Whatever else you may make of all this, if you and your minister do not work together to lift yourselves into the kingdom of God, to redeem your immortal nature to immortal uses and delight, to build up the true church of Christ in your own purified

and consecrated lives, and in the redeemed life of those around you, it is all play, well enough for children, but hardly worth the time of men and women. Do not look for any less than this of your minister. When, with sanctified earnestness, he strives to kindle in you the love of God and hunger for his righteousness, do not let his words pass by you as a pleasant song, good to listen to, but soon forgotten ; do not set it down as his professional duty, very proper in him, but of no immediate concern to you. Believe it is the spirit of God that strives with you, and rejoice that your salvation is nigh. Our churches are not going to thrive, you will not live and grow strong on smart preaching, or fine music, or charming recreations, or social gatherings, but by the spirit poured into the world through Jesus Christ, the spirit of earnest, self-denying, devout service of God and man. When your preacher's heart glows with the divine fire, do not draw back from him and leave him to waste and wane and expire, one spark alone : gather round him, reflect back his warmth, and let your zeal and love cherish and stimulate his ; and you will have a live minister in no worldly conceit of smartness, but in the power of God and of his Spirit.

"It is often said to ministers now-a-days, 'Be a man,' and to parishes, 'Let your minister be a man.' Perhaps the counsel has force that I fail to see. But I should have less respect for my friend and brother if I thought he needed to be told that ; if I thought he could not see the noblest manliness in the honest, truthful, reverent fulfillment of his duty as a minister of Christ, the Son of man. . . . Ask your minister to be, and to *seem* to be, what the instructor of your minds, the counsellor of your conscience, the religious friend, guide and helper ought to be, earnest, serious, concentrated, steadfast in all that is pure and tending to purity, and you can let the infinitely small matters of the color of his coat, and his method of seeking the recreation that every man needs, take care of themselves. They neither make nor unmake the man or the minister.

"Be just to him ; be considerate. Spare him the petty picking at slips of tongue or of hand which irritates like the

stinging of gnats. Feel in yourselves, and teach your children to feel and to show a frank, kindly respect for him. Let your eyes be wide open to see his virtues, your ears quick to catch his wise and living words, in the pulpit or out, your hearts tenderly alive to all his expressions of sympathy and good will; and be sure his soul will go out in gifts of light, hope, and strength to you and yours. He will be glad to labor, to spend and be spent for you who will soon seem to him as his own blood, yes, more, as dear kindred in the holy and everlasting fellowship of those that serve our God, love and follow one dear Lord and Master."

— CONFERENCES OF OUR CHURCHES have become one of the religious features of the times. Several of these have been recently held, and, judging by the subjects discussed and the interest manifested, good results may be looked for. For ourselves, we could wish to see these "conferences" taking a more deeply religious tone and character, the life of the soul and the methods of deepening and intensifying that life made more prominent in the exercises, and indeed something like a true spiritual and joyful Christian fellowship realized in them, so that all attending should return to their homes feeling relieved of some burden, more settled in faith, more consecrate in will and work, renewed in the inner man, and bound by new ties to the great brotherhood of the church and the whole family of God in heaven and earth. One of the most important questions we have noticed as having been discussed at any late conference is "the way of interesting in public worship that large and increasing class of persons who do not attend any church." This was the subject at the South Middlesex Conference. The opening address by Rev. Dr. Briggs, we learn, abounded in valuable suggestions. We wish a full report of it were at hand; for really this is the most pressing question of the hour. Dr. Briggs, as reported, divides those who do not go to church into three classes: 1. The indifferent, who do not care about the matter in any way. 2. The unbelievers in the theology of the church. 3. Those whose degraded lives make them

morally hostile to Christianity. These different classes must be won in different ways. "The indifferent by presenting the spiritual truths of Christianity in the most winning form." [Is not this just what we all try to do?] "Those who are theologically hostile must be met by fair, honest argument." [But how to *meet* them if they will not come?] "And the openly vicious must be reclaimed by all the reforming power of the church." Of course, this can be only the most meagre outline—possibly very inaccurate—of the remarks of Dr. Briggs on the all-concerning question; and we greatly wish he would use these columns for the most thorough discussion of it. No better service to the cause of religion could be rendered by any man at the present moment. But whilst waiting for his word, we are happy to find some excellent "food for reflection" in the last number of "The Churchman," which we commend to the attention of our readers. We omit a few phrases, and one or two sentences, as being unnecessary in the argument.

"WHY THE MASSES DO NOT ATTEND PUBLIC WORSHIP."
—The proportion of "church-goers" to the population in our country is alarmingly small.

"It will be found on counting or estimating the attendance at public worship on any given Sunday,—taking one of the pleasanter and more favorable of the whole year, even, and comparing the number with that of the absent, that only a fraction of the people assemble in God's house. And adding to the number of actual worshipers those who are prevented from attending, on any particular Lord's day, by sickness or domestic duties, it will still be fearfully disproportionate to the number that ought to attend.

"In fact the masses are not church-goers. In whatever way they spend Sunday, they do not give up any portion of it in fulfilling the duty which God lays upon all,—that of appearing before him in the place where he has set his name, to render thanks for the great benefits that they have received at his hands, and to ask those things which are requisite, as well for the body as the soul.

"What is the cause of this growing disproportion between

the number of those who attend public worship, and that of those who ought to, but do not?

"Passing by all secondary and temporary causes of the neglect of which we are speaking, let us go deeper, and reach the root of this serious problem.

"I. *The great reason why people do not attend church is that they do not consider it in the light of a duty.* Religion, in the eyes of the world, has ceased to be a spirit of sacrifice and become one of selfishness. Strict obedience as a principle of action, unreserved submission to God's commands, because they are his commands, and straightforward conscientiousness in the performance of sacred duties are subordinated to individual tastes and personal interest. The grasping, selfish, and self-seeking tendencies of the age have enervated the power of Christianity as a law of life, and robbed it of its rightful authority. It is man, and not God, who must be served here on earth. The popular idea of religion is of some good to be *received*, and not also of a service to be *given*. The obligations we owe to the Creator are supposed to rest for *their* foundation upon the feelings of his creatures. They are not bound to do any more than they feel like doing. They will serve him as long as they get pay for such service and no longer. If the attractions of the sanctuary are sufficient, they will patronize them. If not they will stay away, and spend Sunday in the pursuit of some other greater pleasure. In fact, they make modern temples what the Jews made that one of old which its and their Lord cleansed,—one of merchandise. It is deemed a place, not of devotion and offering, but of gain and enjoyment. Now it is true that the worship of God does bring peace and joy and comfort to souls. In keeping this law "there is great reward." But that is not the only or the chief reason why we should keep it.

"Public worship is a matter of simple duty, an obligation resting upon all those who acknowledge the existence of a God, whether or not they consider themselves Christians. But this is not the way in which the masses regard it. They have lost sight of the only logical reason why we should

render to God the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving,—have ceased to look upon it as an obligation, and, therefore, they neglect it, and do not think they are doing any great wrong in this. In staying away from church, they simply fail to receive a certain expected benefit,—they forego a pleasure which others pay for and hence have a right to receive. If they prefer not to purchase, the disadvantage is balanced by the fact that they come under no obligation. They commit no sin. They only decline to enter into a business compact with religion. And yet they are nourishing the germ principle of all disobedience, even that of those utterly depraved; for sin in every form is only another name for self-will setting itself up in opposition to duty and God's revealed law. "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," is the initial chapter in the life of the lost.

"We may try various expedients to bring the masses to church, may make the services sensational, may turn the house of God into a place as nearly as we dare to make it like those where worldlings love to gather for amusement, may introduce novelties and all sorts of rewards, but our gain in the number of attendants will be only partial, and almost wholly unreal. Nothing short of a recognition of the *true nature and principle* of public worship will give it a power over men. Christianity must get back some of the *authority* which it has lost before this evil can be fully remedied. Christian service must become a law as well as a matter of preference. The moral right of exemption must be abrogated, and men must be taught that it never did and never can exist, and that, even in this liberty-loving age, there are duties which partake of the nature of compulsion.

"The saddest feature in the present religious aspect of the world is this of a kingdom generally acknowledged to be built upon the foundation of a divine Redeemer, and containing the revelation of his confessed authority, begging the respect of those who profess to believe in it, and struggling for a little larger place in the world which it ought to govern, and entreating gifts when it might and should demand tribute.

"2. Growing out of the cause already given, there is yet

another of the same nature, though it is the flower of which that is the root. It is generally thought that the duty of worship springs from our saintliness, rather than from the fact that it is something which *all* men owe to God. The old Calvinistic theories, now decayed, are a greater nuisance than they were when living. Few now believe them, but many act as if they did. Whatever positive influence for good they were once capable of exerting, and did exert, in the social and religious life,—has now ceased, while their influence for evil still remains. The negative results of the system are a most serious obstacle to the growth of the gospel. The religious soil of the country is scattered thick with its stumps. Here they stand black and firm, seemingly beyond our power to root them up. They will, no doubt, rot in time, and leave the field clear. Meanwhile we must work the best we can among them.

“One of these results is the idea, already mentioned, that the church as a house of prayer is a place for those who are good; that only those who are acknowledged, and who acknowledge themselves, to be real Christians are expected to supplicate and worship a heavenly Father. After these vast throngs, who stay at home on Sunday, have been converted, they will, of course, attend service. It will be expected of them, but it is not now. And so their conscience takes its ease, and they observe the proprieties of their condition, by showing themselves to be the “non-professing” people they are.

“A right understanding of the nature of worship would eradicate this false idea, and then, feeling that it is the bounden duty of all men created in God’s image, and for the race which, though fallen in the first Adam, was made the heir of eternal life in the second, to render thanks to the Author of these inestimable benefits, and to seek for grace to live the life to which they are called, they would feel, as they do not now, that the neglect of worship is a sin.

“But how shall they be taught this? They will not come to the church to learn it. The church must therefore go to them. Clergymen and lay-workers must visit them in their

homes,—must "go out into the highways and hedges" and into the "market-place," where they stand idle because they think no man has called them, and awaken in them such a consciousness of duty as will "compel them to come in." They must be made to feel that they, as God's creatures, and bearing the image of Christ, both *must* and *may* take their place Sunday by Sunday in the house of Christian worship, that it is open for "*all* people," and therefore for them, and that they have a right to go there, *freely*, and pay their vows.

— EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE. *From a Methodist minister.*—“The Rev. Dr. —, a distinguished divine of the Universalist denomination, referred with regret to the course of some of your brethren in ordaining recently a young man of very lax views in religion, so lax that the Universalist body had refused to ordain him. He thought such things had compromised the position of the Unitarian body before the world.”

From one of the most distinguished and venerable of our own clergy.—“I am going down to my grave mourning. The triumph of pure Christianity in this country has been the great hope and the object of the best efforts of my life. And I see this hope defeated for the present. It will revive, but not till after I am gone. The tendency among those who should have been its champions is, for a while, the other way. The folly of the day will run itself into the ground, and then there will be a coming back to Christ's religion; for men in the long run need religion, and cannot get along without it. But the return will not be till there has been some experience of the dreariness and misery of the want. Did you ever turn over the portentous volumes of the English deists of a century ago,—Bolingbroke, Toland, Tindall, Chubb, Morgan, *et al.*? Their arguments and their phraseology are repeated or re-invented now. ‘Historical Christianity’ is, as far as I know, a phrase of Morgan's making.”

From an eminent jurist.—“Perhaps I feel even more keenly than you do the dangers which threaten many of our

Unitarian societies, if they do not the denomination itself. I am probably an entire stranger to you, but have for many years been a Unitarian in belief and worship; but a Unitarian of Christian, if not godly, sort,—one who loves to hear the name of Christ, both in prayer and sermon, and is willing to call him both Master and Saviour. But lately I find myself "unchurched" and obliged to go to an Orthodox church; nay, preferring it to listening to or paying my money to support a minister who rejects Christ as a Divine Teacher, and attempts to overthrow Christianity by openly denying the authenticity and the authority of the Scriptures. The pastor of the Unitarian society here is a thorough, outspoken Radical; and lately has taken occasion both to disseminate and justify his opinions, much to the peril of his congregation from disaffections and divisions. I cannot agree with him, nor can I hear him preach; for he does not hesitate to say that Christianity and the churches have done more harm than good in the world. I am liberal, willing and rejoicing to be, but I cannot go outside the bounds of Christianity, and the result is, as stated before, I am "unchurched." This is of very little consequence to any but myself and family, but it clearly indicates the danger to be apprehended to the Unitarian denomination."

From a retired physician.—“We laymen want something definite. We want to know that our ministers really believe in Christianity, which we cannot do if they appear to sanction the views of “advanced preachers,” whom we cannot distinguish from free-thinkers, deists, or infidels. . . . Why not abandon the Unitarian name which has always been so desecrated, and was always a reproach.”

From a young clergyman.—“I wish some simple declaration of faith might be drawn up and signed by that considerable majority of Unitarian clergymen who believe in Jesus Christ, and set forth before the world, not for our sake, but for the gospel’s. No theological dividing-line seems to me so clear as that which separates the builders on Christ from those who build on their own consciousness. For myself, I know that Holy Spirit who is my Father in heaven only by Christ’s

revelation. I am sure of my personal immortality only because Christ has made me sure. And I have really nothing to preach but these two truths and their consequences."

From a city minister of commanding influence.—“I believe that this handling the case without gloves—and without too much deference even to our valued friends whose mistakes so seriously hurt us,—will be sure to bring about at least an intelligible sense of what is at issue, a thing, in my judgment, not yet appreciated in our body, and which only needs to be clearly understood to recoil with violence upon those who are seeking to drive our bark from its anchorage out into an open and a stormy, mist-clothed, shoreless sea. . . . Can rationalism, even in purest hands, build up positive church institutions?”

—KESHUB CHUNDER SEN. The arrival and reception in England of this distinguished Indian reformer is an event of no ordinary character. He is one of the leaders in a religious movement the consequences of which it is impossible to predict, but which cannot fail to affect favorably the civilization of India and the religious relations of the East and West. The “Liberal Christian” of May 14 has a very elaborate and striking article on this remarkable person. “He believes,” it says, “in the undivided Unity of God, and worships his moral and spiritual attributes with devout enthusiasm. He recognizes, too, the immediate presence and power of this Holy Being, and his discourses seem to turn almost exclusively upon the duty and privilege of obeying and enjoying his inspiration in the private soul and in the social life of humanity. God is for him not a God afar off, and his worship is not disconnected from immediate and common duty. Indeed, the most advanced Christians cannot exceed him in their conceptions of the Divine character, nor in their notions of the true way to honor and serve Him.” From Mr. Chunder Sen’s own account, in his speech at the Hanover-Square meeting, it is evident that he feels indebted largely to the Bible for the impulses under which he acts. “That wonderful Book,” he said, “has been received and studied, and in many cases,

I am happy to say, appreciated by the educated natives of India. Whatever their religious denominations may be, whatever their peculiar prejudices may be, I am certain, I can confidently say it in this large public assembly, that if any of my countrymen ever feel a real hungering and thirsting after spiritual comfort, they must necessarily open the pages of the Bible now and then. However proud we may be of our religious books ; however great the value may be which we attach to those priceless volumes inculcating pure Theism,—in many instances bequeathed by our forefathers as a precious legacy,—it is a fact, which must be admitted by all candid men, *that India cannot do without the Bible. India must read the Bible.*"

These are very important admissions, as showing the real *source* of that benign reformation which is working so wonderfully in India. Not less significant is this declaration :—

" I for one, so long as I live, shall continue to say that the spirit of Christ India will one day receive. But I cannot say the same thing in regard to the doctrines and dogmas you have presented to India. . . . Thus it is, that, though we Indians have not been able to accept any particular form of Christianity, yet, at the same time, we continue steadfast in our attachment to Jesus Christ,—him whom you so much respect and reverence."

At the Hanover Square meeting of welcome, representative men of not less than ten religious denominations were present, and all gathered in a spirit of warm, brotherly love toward each other around this distinguished semi-Christian visitor from the far East. Our own Martineau made a characteristic speech, and the Dean of Westminster moved the first resolution, as follows :—

" That this meeting, composed of members of nearly all Protestant Churches, offers a hearty welcome to Keshub Chunder Sen, the distinguished religious reformer of India, and assures him and his fellow-laborers of its sympathy with them in their great and praiseworthy work of abolishing idolatry, breaking down caste, and diffusing a higher moral and intellectual life amongst the people of that vast empire."

RANDOM READINGS.

"CONSERVATIVE UNITARIANS."

If our friends (or enemies if we have any) would have the kindness to stop calling us "Conservatives," they would very much oblige us and show their own regard for truth and candor at the same time. Conservative Unitarians, if any such there be, are those who wish to conserve what Dr. Channing called "old Unitarianism," or that of fifty years ago. We have said often enough that we are not of that number. Liberal Christianity is in its very nature progressive. It repudiates all fixed human creeds that would bar the church from a glorious future. On all the great questions of human thought, — anthropology, sociology, Christology, pneumatology, cosmology, and eschatology, involving the relations of man to man and of man to nature, and of both to God and a spiritual world ; involving the doctrines of immortality, of retribution, atonement, life, death, and resurrection ; involving the whole subject of hermeneutics, the relation of natural religion to revealed, and of science to theology and to biblical interpretation, — on all these questions the Unitarians of the past asked for light and demanded room for progress. "I do not believe in a vicarious atonement," said Dr. Kirkland. "I do not think the Unitarian statement goes to the heart of the matter or satisfies the language of Scripture, and so I wait for light." "Old Unitarianism does not work deeply," said Dr. Channing, "and so I watch all new movements with great interest."

We have got as yet but little beyond the mere letter and alphabet of that Christianity which, absolute, spiritual, all-embracing, and all-resolving, is to draw us inward and upward to higher planes of thought on all themes of vital interest. Because we believe that this progress is to be within Christianity and by its agency and power, we hold it should be liberal and free, unfettered by no human contrivances. Because we believe that without Christianity we make no such progress, but relapse into exploded errors and superstitions, pantheism, atheism, the old deism, or a godless spiritualism, we hold it as the religion of the future, the moving power of civilization and all rational reform, and of the church militant and

triumphant. So we believe in progressive Unitarianism and in no other.

Every Christian denomination has its progressive wing, its pioneer toward the Christ more spiritually discerned; not away from him into darkness and chaos. On before us and above us is the high table-land where all sects will meet in a more comprehending and spiritual unity, one church under manifold divisions, one army of the living God, with all its regiments mustering in for the conquest of the world, under one leader and head, —Jesus Christ. The Unitarian denomination will be there among the first, unless they ingloriously forsake their leader for a reactionary movement, break in pieces and crumble back into mere naturalism, thence to be taken up and re-absorbed in other organizations. We oppose any such reactionary movement. We advocate a Unitarianism that goes forward and not backward.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY

Ought to be making rapid progress, represented on the Orthodox side by the New York "Independent" and on the Unitarian side by the "Liberal Christian." The former has a quarter of a million of readers and is liberal without losing its orthodoxy, and the latter has an increasing circulation and is liberal without losing its Christianity. It is more liberal than it ever was, because it is more Christian; for there is no true liberality which is not warm with the spirit of Christ. It comes to us improved in external appearance, while its columns are more rich than ever with spiritual food and spiced with a variety of entertaining matter. In a recent issue the object of the editors is re-stated, which thus far they have pursued with signal ability. May the "Liberal Christian" find an entrance into every family of the denomination, and every family outside of it who wish to know what Christian Unitarianism is. The editors say, —

"We shall welcome to our columns whatever seems to us suited to advance the cause for which we work, no matter from what source it comes; and we shall not do what appears to us opposed to these ends, no matter what name or authority may claim respect for what we esteem injurious. Our correspondents can speak for themselves, but not for the paper. The paper will speak for itself. We shall not be restrained by any superstitious fear of terms, such as Orthodox and Liberal, Radical and Conservative,

but shall freely go behind and beyond these when occasion requires, to support whatever we think is good and oppose whatever is wrong. We wish to avoid dullness, and to make a fresh, readable and substantial religious newspaper, which will minister to the growth of all who read it."

THE UNITARIAN "MENAGERIE."

The Chicago "Advance" is one of our exchanges which we read thoroughly, both for what is worth believing in it and worth disputing. In a late issue it declares that "liberal Christianity is a motley concern, a kind of religious menagerie, in which one half of the animals, unless well caged, are likely to devour the other half;" and in a subsequent issue it cites us in justification of this pretty specimen of orthodox rhetoric. We demur. We deny that we have shown any disposition to devour anybody, much less any "wing" of Unitarians; whereas the "Advance" seems somewhat bent on devouring *its* left wing, represented by the liberal "Independent." Moreover we deny that we have any more responsibility about the "Radicals" who have come within our lines than the "Advance" itself has. No, nor so much. Unitarian Radicalism, to a large extent, is a too violent rebound from an old, hard orthodoxy. Many of these men came from under its influence into the liberal church. They are like the man with a cork leg in the song, who began to run and found himself so light that he couldn't stop. These Radicals got maimed under old Calvinism, where they were unable to walk a step, and as soon as they got their legs they began to run, and have kept running ever since with accelerated velocity. Having broken away from John Calvin, we would turn them to Christ if we could. We would not devour them, as they would be hard of digestion, but meet them with manly argument. What we insist upon is, that we shall not be made responsible for their opinions by being assessed for spreading them under the name of Christianity, and that there shall be honest and open relations between them and the churches,—what the best of them have the manhood to demand themselves.

We belonged once to the school of the straitest orthodoxy and were educated under it. We wanted freedom of thought and speech, wanted to come into nearer and more loving relations with the Lord, and whenever we tried to get this we were brought up against stone walls on every side. We came into the liberal church and

found it. It would be a poor return for the freedom it hath given us, if we did not use the freedom as best we can to reform what is wrong in it and exalt what is low. This is what we have ever tried to do, always remembering one maxim which it has taught us,— never to judge men's characters, motives, and prospect of salvation by their opinions, but by the spirit in which they hold them.

SUNSHINE.

"The Springfield Republican" says, on some good authority, we presume, that sunlight men are sturdier than those who live in the shade ; and "statistics show that among men in unsunned quarters of barracks or hospitals, there is some twenty per cent more of mortality than in quarters where the sun rests the greater part of the day."

Sunshine in the soul, on another authority, the author of "Mental Cure," is essential to bodily health, and cures as by magic certain diseases of the body, which originate in diseased moods of mind. If you have both, sunshine from without and from within, you are pretty sure to have good health, and carry its atmosphere to your neighbors.

SABBATH EVENING.

The following is one of the sweet and graceful effusions of the late George D. Prentice. It shows what he might have been from what he was in his best and most healthful moods.

How calmly sinks the parting sun !
Yet twilight lingers still ;
And beautiful as dreams of heaven
It slumbers on the hill :
Earth sleeps with all her glorious things
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks, the forest trees
In shadowy groups recline,
Like saints at evening bowed in prayer
Around their holy shrine ;
And through their leaves the night-winds blow,
So calm and still, their music low

Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,
Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so softly glow,
They seem to Fancy's eye
Bright creatures of a better sphere,
Come down at noon to worship here,
And from their sacrifice of love,
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night-arch floating high,
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with religion — deep
On earth and sea its glories sleep,
And mingle with the starlight rays,
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
Comes through the silent air
To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
A gush of music there !
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair, we almost dream
That we can rise and wander through
Their open paths of fadeless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild ;
And thought is soaring to the shrine
Of glory undefiled !
And holy aspirations start,
Like blessed angels from the heart,
And bind — for earth's dark ties are riven —
Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

REV. MR. MARS.

Some twelve years or more ago, I chanced to stray one Sunday evening into the Joy Street Church. I found the pulpit occupied by a man as black as my coat. To my dismay, he took for his text the

four beasts (or cherub-forms) of the Apocalypse. That he could manage them, or escape being torn in pieces by them, was wholly beyond my expectation. I had never ventured to grapple with them till I took courage from him. But I soon found that he had the mastery of them. He preached one of the most striking sermons I ever heard. I quoted a large part of it, giving due credit to its author, in my next Sunday's sermon ; and it remains still as distinct in my memory as if I had heard it but yesterday. He, rightly, as I suppose, defined the four cherub-forms as symbolizing the four cardinal types of spiritual excellence, belonging to the individual Christian worthy of the name, to the church on earth so far as it embodies the character of its Lord and Master, to the church of the redeemed in heaven. Each type was dealt with as by a mind familiar with the mysteries of the "life hid with Christ in God." When he came to the eagle, he seemed to have borrowed his pinions. The following is the substance of some part of what he said on this head ; but I cannot do justice to his burning words, still less to the glow that lighted up his dusky countenance, and the intense, rapt fervor of his utterance.

"The eagle, on his upward flight, keeps his wings evenly balanced, thus floating heavenward as if borne by the very breath of heaven. But were either of his wings crippled, he would turn over in the air, and fall heavily to the ground. The Christian's wings are faith and good works. So long as they are in equipoise, — faith embodied in a life of active and loving duty, duty making faith ever clearer and stronger, — the Christian is all the time soaring heavenward. Let him grow either remiss in duty, or feeble in faith, his flight is arrested ; the broken wing flaps idly at his side ; he flounders in mid-air, sinks rapidly to the earth, and grovels there as a mere worldling. . . . The eagle, as he soars, looks right in the face of the sun, and no mortal can take aim at him ; for no human eye can so bear the direct rays of the sun, as to give fatal effect to the shot. Thus, Christian, see that you fix your eye steadfastly on the Sun of Righteousness. The Old Enemy is on the watch for your soul ; but he cannot look undazzled where you can. So long as your eyes are unto the Lord, he cannot take aim at you ; his shots will all fall wide of the mark."

On the evening of May 7, at the reception given by Governor Claffin to Hon. Mr. Revels, I saw a venerable negro, who at once reminded me of the black preacher. I sought an introduction to him, and asked him if he had preached in Joy Street at such a

time. "Yes," said he, "I supplied the pulpit there for three months in brother Grimes's absence." I asked him if he remembered that sermon. He recalled it instantly. He is Rev. Mr. Mars, now pastor of the Revere-Street Methodist Church. He is probably but little known in Boston. No one can see him and talk with him without being impressed with the manifest tokens equally of a clear and strong mind and of a saintly purity and elevation of spirit. His congregation is obscure, his place of worship very humble; but if any of the readers of this Magazine should be induced to visit it, they will find in the preacher one of the Lord's own,—a jewel which, though few may mark its lustre now, will one day shine with purest radiance in the coronet of the King of kings.

P.

TRUE PEACE.

The peace that grows out of trial conquered is far higher than that which springs from trial removed. The latter is weak and baseless; the former a power immortal as the soul. So when my heart is full of unrest, I would not pray,—I would strive not even to *wish* for change of outward circumstance; but I would pray for the faith "that overcomes the world;" for the love that loses self in others; for the humility that claims no merit, and asks nothing as a right beyond the simplest justice, and receives all with a grateful heart.

"It is the will of God." When the soul makes this answer to its own disquietudes, what farther can be added except the great question, "How shall I bear it most nobly and make it most rich in blessing?" Whether it be the gnat that stings, or the whirlwind that threatens to destroy, it must come under His guidance, a messenger of love to us if we will receive it so. Hereafter we shall perhaps either wonder how things so small could have power so much to affect our peace, or see how needful and holy was their mission to the soul. "To him that doth walk in the spirit all outward things are helps," and through each day's joys and each day's trials may be built up a character, and established a peace, that has for its foundation the Rock of Ages. M.

HATE.

"Hate is the opposite of love, arising from an error produced by opinion. For when one has come to the conclusion that anything

is good, and another does anything to the injury of this, hate against the doer of this injury is excited in the first. This hate could never have place in him, if he knew rightly the true good, as we may show from this. All which is, or even is pretended to be, is nothing but misery itself when compared with the true good. Is not, therefore, the lover of such misery worthy rather of pity than of hate? Hate finally arises also from hearing alone, as we perceive in the Turks against the Jews and Christians, and in the Christians against the Turks and Jews, &c. For what other ground have all this crowd of people, ignorant of each other's religion and morals?"—*Spinoza. God, Man, and Man's Happiness. Part II. chap. 3.*

SICKNESS.

I wish I could give you some cheering account of the progress of the "inner life." But I do not feel that my sickness has prepared me for heaven, as I anticipated it would. I find that the old road of prayer and Bible reading has never been superseded. Sickness may wean us from the world, but, alas! not from our sins. As yet I know of no mental ground where Satan allows us to lie down and sleep safely. We are in the enemy's country from the cradle to the grave, and the sooner we fully believe it, the better. It is natural to think that the sick and suffering disciple is the nearest his Lord. Nor is it untrue; but he is not, because nearer his Lord, free from a sinful heart and Satanic temptation. It was after a season of trial, and when weak and least able to meet it, as we should think, that our Lord's memorable temptation occurred. So we are to watch and pray here, and believe, as we are told in Scripture, that the rest remaineth.—*Susan M. Underwood.*

DEAF AND BLIND.

The following is from the "Memoir of Susan M. Underwood," one of the books of the American Tract Society. Miss Underwood was a visitor of the poor in Boston, and found in her walks two instances of suffering which help each other to illustrate how a submissive mind renders every burden light.

"I will close by recording a brief account of two calls upon some aged Christian women whom I had never before seen.

"The first, Mrs. F., is a member of an Episcopal Church, and seemed truly pious. Her house was scrupulously neat, but she is

very deaf, and could only be made to hear by the use of her ear-trumpet, through which I was obliged to speak, in a loud, slow, and clear voice. 'Is it not a great deprivation to be so deaf?' I asked. 'Why, yes,' she said, 'it was a great trial, at first, not to hear the sermon on Sunday. But I do not feel so bad now. I have the prayers, you know, in the book, and can hear the singing, and I get along very well. I had so much rather be deaf than blind! God is good.'

"The other of the two was Mrs. C. She is totally blind,—is a widow, lives in an attic chamber, and can herself, alone, take care of it, and keep it quite tidy and comfortable. She was very cheerful. 'Is it not sad to be blind?' I said. 'Why, I don't know as it is,' she said. I had a great deal rather be blind than deaf! For now a little girl leads me to church on the Sabbath, and I can hear every word of the sermon, prayers and all. When I am asleep I can see; that is, it seems as if I could, and I am happy. Now I have a sister, and she is well off in the world, and is not blind as I am; yet they tell me I am the happier of the two.' Then, in her simple way, the blind woman went on to describe how she felt when first it was told her by doctors that she would never see any more; how 'her peace flowed like a river,' and how the Lord had graciously provided for her ever since."

SILENCE.

We cut from "The Watchman and Reflector" these beautiful verses, by Rev. T. R. Stevenson :—

In silence mighty things are wrought;
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And like a citadel with towers,
The soul, with her subservient powers,
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The saplings of the forest grow
To trees of mighty girth;
Each nightly star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the rivers of the land
With universal chain ;
And, smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

SMART PREACHING VERSUS CHURCH LIFE.

Among the signs of the times in our churches, and not ominous of good, is the disposition we have often remarked upon, to concentrate all interest and effort on preaching ; to think having a smart preacher the one indispensable thing. When we happen to know of a church that has been turning all its thoughts to this end, and learn that in that church the Sunday school has drooped until it has altogether vanished from sight and life, is it not natural to suppose the two things to be connected as cause and effect—this because of that ?

If our churches understood their great function to be to nurture in themselves a religious spirit and life, to work together for the training of the young, to unite in good works of charity, to foster piety, to keep alive the worship of God, to bear testimony by word and example against the vices of society, and that a minister is of use only to aid them in these duties, but that, with or without a preacher their Christian work and duties are the same, we should not have so many pastorless churches in futile search after taking preachers, and so many waiting preachers vainly seeking an opportunity to do the work of the ministry. This insensate exaltation of one element of the preacher's work over all else corrupts some, and disheartens others. It helps none. It acts on the churches like a diet of superfine flour, on which the animal economy pines and grows feeble, no matter how much of the one inadequate food is swallowed.

L.

INTEGRITY.— Integrity, as a living and governing principle, rises above the person of him who is animated by it, and regards this person as standing under a definite law, as existing only for a certain purpose, and as a means to a higher end. Man shall *be* and *do* something ; his temporal life shall leave behind it in the spiritual world an imperishable and eternal result—a particular result arising from the life of each individual, belonging to him alone and demanded of him alone. — *Humboldt.*

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BY REV. CHARLES LOWE, SECRETARY.

CHANNING'S WRITINGS.

We have received from England a specimen copy of an edition of the complete works of Dr. Channing, just published by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, which is so remarkable for its cheapness, and which, consequently, promises to be of such service in spreading these writings, that it is desirable to bring it to general attention. An edition of ten thousand copies has been issued in England, and nearly this whole number is already absorbed by the orders which have been received. The Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association writes me, "During the last four days we have had over one hundred orders for Channing from Orthodox clergymen."

We expect to receive one thousand copies early in May, and to be able to furnish them (Remember they contain the entire works of Channing as now in our six volume edition) for seventy-five cents per copy! This is partly through the liberality of the British Association, with which we are on terms of most cordial fellowship, and which supplies us with the books at the actual cost of their publication.

The order of the writings has been altered from that in which they have been arranged in the American edition. This has been done in accordance with our suggestion, and the new arrangement as adopted was prepared by Prof. Hindkoper, of Meadville, whose name is a guarantee of its excellence.

HUNGARY.

Within the month a letter has been received from the Unitarians in Hungary, acknowledging the receipt of money sent to them by our Association for the publication of selections from Channing and other of our American Unitarians. The letter says, "Accept, dear brethren, in return, the assurance of our Christian love and our best thanks for your material aid in the support of our cause and the dispersion of the views of Unitarianism. We have in consequence of it already made arrangements to carry out the publication of the

translations ; and it will give us a great satisfaction and joy to offer your letter and the fact of your help to our Supreme Consistory, and through it and our journal to the knowledge of our brethren in this country, by whom we are sure it will be cordially welcomed.

"We cannot here neglect to express our thanks also for the pleasant hours you gave us by sending your 'Monthly Journals' last year."

SEED SOWING.

Among the features of our work, none are just now more noticeable than the increase of opportunity in sections formerly quite shut off from our influence. This opportunity is not, to be sure, of a kind which is likely to lead at present to any great movement in the planting of churches, but is very important as offering a way for the sowing of seed which may hereafter result in such visible fruit. As an illustration, I copy for you a portion of a letter which has just come to hand from a town in the heart of Virginia.

"Yours of 28th Feb., together with the tracts for which I had written, came duly to hand. Please accept my thanks for the kindness done me. I have not yet had time to read all of them, but have been deeply interested with those I have read. With us, in this locality, the doctrines of Unitarianism were scarcely ever heard of, much less understood. The religious mind is here trained to regard every notion doubting, or disbelieving the Trinity, as atheism or infidelity. To my own mind the Trinity has ever seemed too monstrous for human credulity ; but having been schooled to the notion that it was dangerous to look beyond, I must confess my surprise to find the doctrine of Unitarianism so fully justified by the Scriptures. I like its liberal and enlightened views, and it seems to me better calculated to unfetter the human mind and make religion consonant with human reason than anything I have yet met with. Thousands, I have no doubt, are driven to infidelity by the doctrines of Trinitarians. Intolerance, hate, persecution, and bigotry, which make so dark a page in man's history, might all have been obviated by the liberal and enlightened sentiments set forth by Unitarians. At least it seems to me so, so far as I am able to understand them. Ignorance and prejudice are hard to overcome I know, but it seems to me that all that is wanting for the success of your doctrines is that they be understood. I would be glad if we had a church of that order in the neighborhood."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GREEK LEXICON OF THE ROMAN AND BYZANTINE PERIODS.
(From B.C. 146 to A.D. 1100.) By E. A. Sophocles. Large 8vo.
Pp. 1188. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1870.

This is one of the great works of the age, and it meets a want which before had no certain and satisfying source of supply. It is the fruit of life-long study, and of the direct labor of many years. It embraces all the changes in form and sense which the Greek language underwent in its adaptation, first to the enlarged range of knowledge and thought consequent on the course of Roman conquest, then to the higher order of beliefs and conceptions introduced by Christianity, then to the Oriental magnificence and meanness, the mixture of nationalities, customs and dialects, during the Byzantine period. It embodies the history of the language, its successive innovations and modifications, its adopted and new-coined words, phrases and idioms, its gradual degradation, from its classic purity down to the era when the modern Greek so far superseded the ancient as to become, with the same ground-forms, a new language as to its syntax and many of its inflections. The list of authors referred to fills ten closely printed pages. The references under each important word are so numerous as to seem exhausting. It is a complete lexicon of patristical Greek. The author, who in his critical knowledge of the Scriptures has few equals, no superior, has also devoted especial care to the Greek of the New Testament; and we hesitate not to say that, as a lexicon of the New Testament, this work will be found richer, more accurate, more trustworthy, more suggestive, than any exclusive dictionary of the New Testament extant. It throws light on some passages on which previous lexicographers have cast only deeper obscurity.

The Introduction, which gives a comprehensive history of the Greek language, its sources and its affluents, is a monograph, which of itself would be a valid title to the highest fame as to scholarship and critical acumen.

The typography and mechanical execution of the work are all that could be desired, and render it in its department the master-work of the University Press. The proceeds of such a publication of

course cannot for a century to come refund its cost. It could not, therefore, have seen the light without a very liberal outlay, by the friends of the author and of generous culture. In this enterprise it is but just that we should do credit to the author's countryman, Joseph Iasigi, Esq., who has himself contributed munificently, has procured subscriptions by his own unwearied effort, and has assumed the balance still unsubscribed.

P.

Charles Scribner & Co. continue the publication of their LIBRARY OF WONDERS, which, when complete, will make a series of books both entertaining and instructive. Some of them would be good books for a Sunday-school library, and all of them would be excellent for the family library, to displace or keep out the trash which is so likely to lodge there in the shape of seventh-rate novelettes. Two new books of the "Library of Wonders" we have just received, WONDERS OF ITALIAN ART, by Louis Viardot, illustrated with twenty-eight engravings, and WONDERS OF THE HUMAN BODY, from the French of A. Le Pileus, illustrated by forty-five engravings.

The first is a history of the ancient schools of painting, sculpture, and architecture, followed by a history of the Italian schools, with biographical sketches of the great masters, and descriptions and illustrations of their choicest works, among which are the works of Leonardo de Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Paul Veronese, Francia, and Salvator Rosa.

"The Wonders of the Human Body" is a work on physiology which in the original had obtained great popularity, and which deserves it. It popularizes the knowledge which every one ought to know who occupies a human frame. It will bring the reader into more intimate acquaintance with its laws of normal and healthy action, and is scientific without being dry.

S.

TRACES OF PICTURE-WRITING IN THE BIBLE, by Rev. Henry Miles, D.D., is a curious little volume, attempting the first exploration of a new field pertaining to the science of biblical interpretation. It has some preliminary chapters on the origin and growth of language from hieroglyphical to alphabetical writing. The description of the universal language of gesture is very interesting. It undertakes the reconstruction of the Hebrew hieroglyphics, and applies them to the interpretation of many passages in the Old Testament and the New. It does not attempt anything like com-

pleteness, but opens into a field of investigation which would throw light on idioms and terms of expression in the Bible which are now obscure. It is a very suggestive little volume of one hundred and eighty-five pages, crowding a great deal into a little space. Published by Little, Brown & Co.

THE MONKS BEFORE CHRIST ; THEIR SPIRIT AND HISTORY. By John Edgar Johnson. A. Williams & Co. Mr. Johnson had a predilection for monkish life, and resided for several months at the Catholic University of Munich in Bavaria, where he came in contact with members of the Order of St. Benedict, whom he seems to have admired. His ideas of monkish life, however, had a sad fall on closer acquaintance with monkish life in Europe. But he has not lost his enthusiasm in regard to the subject, and so he gives us this little volume about the monks before Christ, with an introductory chapter on the spirit of monasticism. The book is too fragmentary and too much of a compilation ; but it explores a field remote from common research and an important one. The reader cannot fail to find help in it, and especially in the last chapter, in his studies of the New Testament and of the pre-apostolic times.

S.

Two important works of popular interest by John Harris, D.D. come in uniform and beautiful dress, republished by Gould & Lincoln.

Some friend of the missionary enterprise in Scotland offered a prize of two hundred guineas for the best, and a prize of fifty guineas for the second-best, essay on "The Duty, Privilege, and Encouragement of Christians to send the Gospel of Salvation to the Unenlightened Nations of the Earth." Their object was to rekindle the missionary zeal of the Christian Church. Forty-two essays were offered. The one which took the first prize was written by Dr. Harris, and it forms an octavo volume of nearly four hundred pages, bearing the title of **THE GREAT COMMISSION**. It has the well-known characteristics of its author. It is a great argument on one of the greatest of themes, and enlists all the writer's power of persuasion and eloquence. He does not fail to kindle the reader with his own contagious enthusiasm. It is a call to self consecration which cannot fail of being heard. The weakest point in the argument occurs in Part IV., in answer to objections pertaining to the state of the heathen and their hope of salvation. But it is a well-directed appeal to the Christian Church, and ought to prevail.

The other work is a republication of Dr. Harris' **GREAT TEACHER**, which had a wide circulation a few years since, and of which this is the seventeenth American edition. It is both theological and practical. It is a review of our Saviour's teachings from the Orthodox point of view, containing the usual arguments for the Orthodox theology, both metaphysical and exegetical. But it is not controversial, and its main object is to enforce and apply the doctrines of the New Testament, so as to call men to godly living and self-renunciation. A tone of deep moral earnestness pervades the book.

S.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, in twelve volumes. Charles Scribner & Co. have completed their library editions of this work, and have published ten volumes of their cheap popular edition. Two more volumes will complete it, which will be *the* edition for circulating libraries, and for the common reader, who has a rich feast before him if he has any love of historical studies.

S.

ACROSS AMERICA AND ASIA. Notes of a Five Years' Journey around the World, and of Residence in Arizona, Japan, and China. By Raphael Pumpelly, Professor in Harvard University. New York: Leypoldt & Hunt. 1870. 8vo. pp. 454.

The avidity with which this volume, now in its third edition, has been seized upon by the more discriminating portion of our great reading public, is evidence of its high appreciation by those into whose hands it first fell, and of their warm recommendation of it to others. To the fresh interest of the matter on its pages, we are to add the paramount consideration of its authenticity. The author had already prepared a volume of "Geological Researches in China, Mongolia, and Japan," for publication by the Smithsonian Institution; and, while incorporating into his present volume some of the substance and of the illustrations of that, he has allowed himself in this something more of freedom in the relation of personal adventure and in the expression of opinion.

The earlier portion of the volume, that which is devoted to the extreme western regions of our own country, opens to us life and nature under their untamed features and aspects; the latter portion of it, passing on to the other continent, binds one more link for the chain which for all time henceforward is to unite in intercourse the lands representing the oldest and the newest civilizations.

The author, having resided for several months with Mr. Burlingame in Peking, had a rare opportunity for informing himself about

the actual and the comparative condition of the immense empire of China ; and as he has so much to say about the change in policy which has been adopted there under the lead of our distinguished and amazingly successful countryman, whose decease has been so greatly mourned, he inscribes the volume to him. Prof. Pumelly declares that our half-derogatory and half-patronizing estimate of the Chinese people and government is largely founded on conceits and ignorance of our own. To some extent he furnishes us with facts and reasons for modifying that estimate.

There are many narratives of excursions and adventure in the volume which convey the most valuable information in a modest and instructive way. A large number of the readers who follow the author in his course as he belted the globe will be seized by the passion to go upon his track in some places, and to see with their own eyes. What an amazing testimony is borne to us of the steady march forward of human enterprise, with all its facilities of communication, and all its securities, in this volume !

It is richly furnished with maps and illustrations, and it is, on the whole, the most valuable contribution that has been made to our American literature on the countries with which it is concerned.

G. E. E.

THE NATION ; The Foundation of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States. By E. Mulford. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press. 1870.

This is an original treatise of four hundred and eighteen pages of remarkable ability. "It had its beginning," the author says, "in a purpose to represent the nation in its moral being; to assert this moral being in its true position in politics; but the aim has been throughout, as the conception widened, to define in their relative and positive character those principles which are the ground of political science." The work is divided into twenty chapters. Some idea of the scope of the whole may be formed by glancing at a few of the topics. The first is on "The Substance of the Nation;" the fourth, on "The Origin of the Nation," a very striking chapter; the seventh, "The Nation the Realization of Freedom;" the eleventh, "The Nation and its Normal Powers." But the chapter which we have read with most interest is "The Nation the Integral Element in History." The treatise is decidedly religious in its tone,—proceeding on the assumption of the presence and reign of God in history, and recognizing the truth that "in him we

live and move and have our being." It is thoroughly Protestant, and finds the Catholic Church in its entire past the most dangerous and powerful enemy of the "Nation."

Whether the theories of this book are all accepted or not (we are not reviewing), no one can turn over its pages without perceiving that it is written in a philosophical spirit, elaborated with care and thought, and that it merits the attention and will well reward the study of the American people. T.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GALILEO. Compiled principally from his correspondence and that of his eldest daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, nun in the Franciscan Convent of St. Matthew in Arcetri. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1870.

This is a short but extremely fresh and entertaining narrative of the life of the illustrious philosopher, made up, to a considerable extent, of his private correspondence, and giving to the reader a very vivid portrait of the man in his personal character and relations, as well as of the inventor, discoverer, and author in that sublime department of science to which his unrivaled genius was devoted. Incidentally, the work illustrates the spirit of the times in which Galileo flourished, and exhibits the wearisome struggles of scientific truth against the immobility and bigotry of the Catholic Church. The villainy of the Inquisition also shows itself in its bloody colors. The publishers have done a good service in bringing out this neat little volume, which will prove a valuable addition to our biographical literature. T.

A DAY BY THE FIRE; and other papers, hitherto uncollected. By Leigh Hunt. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

The enterprising publishers have done the public great service in bringing out these characteristic papers. The writings of Leigh Hunt belong to a shelf in literature without which any well-furnished library would disclose an unseemly gap. Some one has called this collection "good reading for a summer seaside." To us they are just right for an April fireside; good food for any blue day; seasonable when one wishes to lighten up a little from grave pursuits. It may give a trifling zest to the reading to know that the author was once sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, and to suffer two years' imprisonment, for calling the prince regent "an Adonis of fifty," and that Charles Lamb was his friend. In the titlepage of this volume Lamb is quoted as calling Hunt "matchless as a fireside companion." T.

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SECOND TRAIN, at 12 M., arrives at Dover, at 2.40 P. M.; Alton Bay at 4 P. M.; Wolfeborough at 4.45 P. M.; and Centre Harbor at 6.15 P. M.; connecting with Stage next day.

THIRD TRAIN, at 3 P. M., arriving at Dover at 4.55 P. M.; and Alton Bay at 7 P. M.; and remaining over night at Winnipiseogee House, and take Steamer next morning.

FOURTH TRAIN, at 5 P. M., arriving at Dover at 7.40 P. M.; stop over night at New Hampshire House, and proceed next morning.

Passengers from Portland, Saco, and all stations East of Dover, by taking the 6.15 A. M. train from Portland, can connect at Dover with the 10.10 A. M. train for Alton Bay, Wolfeborough and Centre Harbor, and return to Portland same day.

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Boston, Lowell, & Nashua Railroad. Summer Arrangement, Monday May 31, 1870.

Trains Leave Boston for

White River Junction, Northfield, Montpelier Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, at 7.00, 8.00, (Exp.) a. m., 6.00, p. m.

Rouse's Point, Montreal, and Ogdensburg, at 7.00, 8.00, (Exp.) a. m., 6.00[†], p. m. LITTLETON AND

CENTRE HARBOR DIRECT WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS, at 8.00, a. m.

Manchester and Concord, at 7.00, 8.00, (Exp.) a. m., 12.00, m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.00, p. m.; 8.00, a. m., 12 m., for Lake Winnipiseogee and Plymouth.

Wilton, (55 miles), at 7.00, a. m., 12 m., 5.00, p. m. Milford, (51 miles), at 7.00, a. m., 12.00, m., 5.00 p. m.

Anherst (48 miles), 7.00, a. m., 12.00, m., 5.00, p. m.

St. Merrimack, (45 miles), at 7.00, a. m., 12.00, m., 5.00, p. m.

NASHUA, (40 miles), at 7.00, 8.00[†], (Exp.) a. m., 12.00, m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.00, p. m.

Tyngsboro' and Dunstable, (32½ miles), at 7.00, a. m., 12.00, m., 5.00, p. m.

North Chelmsford, (29 miles), at 7.00, a. m., 12.00, m., 2.30, 5.00, p. m.

LOWELL, (26 miles), 7.00, 8.00, (Exp.) 10.00, a. m., 12.00, m., (Exp.) 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00[†] (Exp.) p. m.

No. Billerica, (21½ miles), at 7.00, 10.00, a. m., 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, p. m.

Billerica, (19 miles), at 7.00, 10.00, a. m., 2.30, 5.00, p. m.

Wilmington, (15 miles), at 7.00, 10.00, a. m., 2.30, 5.00, p. m.

Woburn Watering Place, (10 miles), at 7.00, 10.00, a. m., 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, p. m.

East Woburn, (9½ miles), at 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, a. m., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.30, p. m.

STONHAM CENTRE, (12 miles), at 8.00, a. m., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.30, p. m. Also, Wednesdays at 11.15, and Saturdays at 10.30, p. m.

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Returning—Leave Alton Bay daily at 11.10 A. M., (a good dinner will be served on this trip,) and 3.45 P. M., for Wolfeborough and Centre Harbor, leave Alton Bay for Meredith village, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8.45 P. M., for Wolfeborough and Centre Harbor.

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WOBURN CENTRE, (10 miles), at 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, a. m., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.10, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30[†], p. m.

Winchester, (8 miles), 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, a. m., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.10, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30[†], p. m.

West Medford, (5 miles), at 6.45, 10.00, 11.30, a. m., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.10, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30[†], p. m.

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Trains FOR BOSTON, leave

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Manchester (57 miles), at 6.15, 8.15, 10.55, a. m., 4.15, 8.30, 8.40, 9.30, p. m.

WILTON, at 6.15, 11.00, a. m., 4.15, p. m.

Milford, at 6.20, 11.05, a. m., 4.20, p. m.

Anherst, at 6.30, 11.15, a. m., 4.30, p. m.

South Merrimack, at 6.35, 11.21, a. m., 4.35, p. m.

NASHUA, at 7.00, 9.00, 11.45, a. m., 5.00, 5.45, 9.00[†], (Exp.) p. m.

Tyngsboro' and Dunstable, at 7.15, 9.10, 11.57, a. m., 5.12, 6.00, p. m.

North Chelmsford, at 7.22, 8.45, a. m., 12.05, 6.05, p. m.

LOWELL, at 7.00, 7.30, (Exp.) 9.30, a. m., 12.15, (Exp.) 2.15, 5.30, 9.30, (Exp.) p. m.

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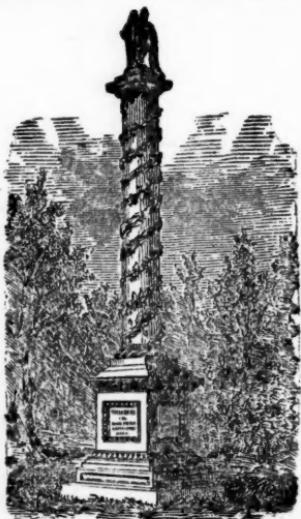
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We take all kinds of Sewing Machines in exchange, as part pay for ours.
We attend to the repairs of our Machines.

Cotton, Silk, Needles, and Sewing Machine Findings Always on Hand.

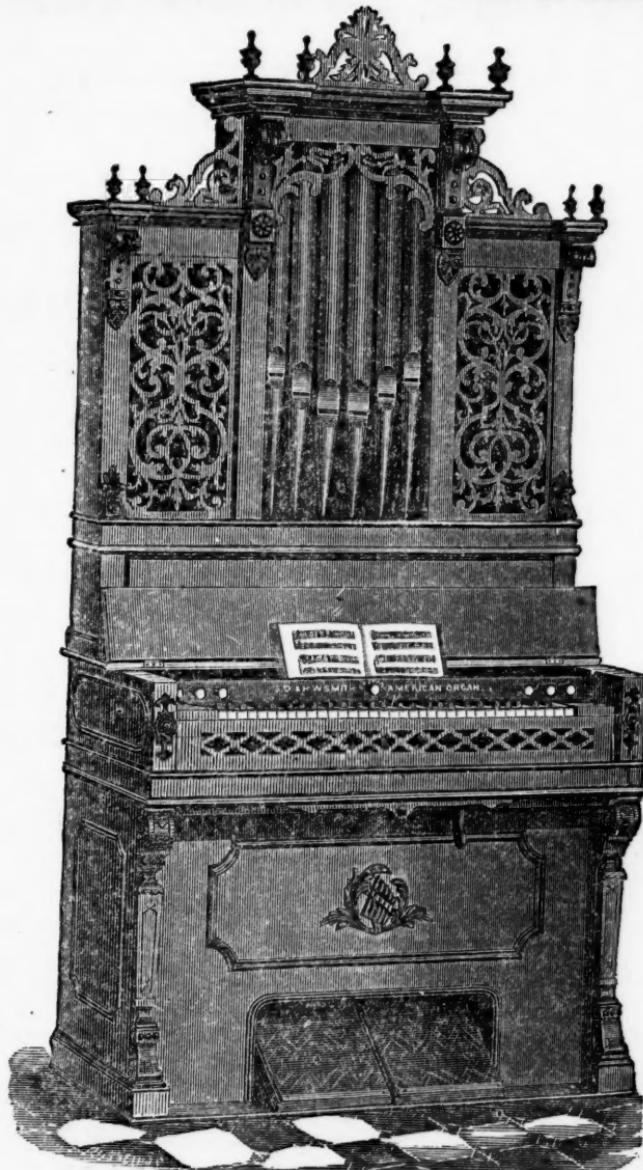
AGENTS WANTED in all unoccupied territory.

WILLCOX & GIBBS'

SEWING-MACHINE OFFICE,

147 TREMONT STREET, (Corner of West Street.) BOSTON.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.



THE STANDARD ORGANS,

For Churches, Chapels, Lodges, Sabbath Schools, Parlors, and the Home Circle. Adapted for Sacred and Secular Music. No Church or Home complete without one. The American Organs contain the Resonant Air Chamber (peculiar to these instruments), Improved Knee Swell, Super Octave Coupler, Tremolo, and Deep Manual Sub-Bass. Every Organ warranted. Descriptive paper sent free to any address.

New Warerooms and Manufactory, Tremont, opp. Waltham Street, Boston.

FINE FOREIGN
SPRING WOOLENS
FOR 1870.
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

BY THE
Importers of the Materials.

We are now prepared to offer in our CUSTOM DEPARTMENT, the largest assortment of fine Spring Woolens for Men's Wear ever shown in New England to the retail trade.

Selling piece goods largely at wholesale, we import and buy directly, in large quantities, from the manufacturers of their agents, all the goods which we use.

By thus saving one or two profits in the cost of materials, we are enabled to take orders for clothing to be made to measure at prices considerably below those usually charged for the same quality of goods.

We have fixed the price for suits made to order, in FIRST-CLASS MANNER, from the finest grades of foreign Spring Tricots, in all colors—black, blue, brown, mulberry, etc., at FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS PER SUIT, (Coat, \$27. Pantaloons, \$12. Vest, \$6); and from an excellent quality of German Black Tricot, FORTY DOLLARS PER SUIT, (Coat, \$24. Pantaloons, \$10. Vest, \$6.) Suits made to order, from real Scotch Bannockburn Cheviots, very handsome mixtures, just imported, THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS PER SUIT, (Coat, \$21. Pantaloons, \$9. Vest, \$5); and from a very desirable make of American Cheviot; warranted as durable as the Scotch goods, THIRTY DOLLARS PER SUIT, (Coat, \$18. Pantaloons, \$7. Vest, \$5.)

Merchant tailors supplied with all desirable styles of piece goods and trimmings, at the Lowest Market Prices.

TERMS—Cash. One Price Only. All Goods Warranted.

MACULLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER,

200 Washington Street, Boston.
March, 1870.

JAMES TOLMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 111 Washington Street, Boston.

A Large and Well Selected Stock of

Foreign and American Goods

ALWAYS ON HAND,

Which will be made up in the best manner,

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

SEASONABLE CLOTHING.

Our Custom Department

Embraces a large and attractive stock of Foreign and American cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, with first class cutters, and with faithfulness in manufacture, second to no other house.

Ready-Made Department.

Suits in Scotch, Tricots, Silk-Mixed Blue Flannel, Black Cloth, and Summer Goods, Harris Goods, custom clothing left, marked down. Linen Sacks Spanish Linen Dusters for light weight Over-Sacks, White Vests, and all grades of Pants and Vests, in great variety and winter clothing in every variety. All Goods are made in the best manner and at prices to suit the times and the means of all.

Our Furnishing Department,

is complete and full in every requirement, to all of which we respectfully invite public attention.

L. D. BOISE & CO.,

Men's Clothing House, 30 Washington Street,

BOSTON.

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L. D. BOISE & CO.,

Men's Clothing House, 30 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

YOU WILL LIKE IT.
THE
**BARTRAM & FANTON
SEWING MACHINE.**



IS
UNAPPROACHABLE

IN



**Simplicity, Compactness, Durability, and
Beauty.**

It does the greatest variety of work of any machine in the market, and is ALWAYS IN ORDER, requiring no frequent adjusting, so annoying to operators of Shuttle Machines, and RUNS LIGHTLY, EASILY, and QUIETLY. The wheel being at the back, renders it impossible for a lady to soil her dress.

Every machine is provided with the FANTON CASTOR, and can be moved without trouble, yet stands perfectly firm when in use.

THIS MOST PERFECT MACHINE DOES ALL OF THE FOLLOWING KINDS OF WORK :

Hemming, Felling, Ruffling, Tucking, Frilling, Cording, Binding, Braiding, Embroidering, Gimp Trimming, Reversible Plaiting, and makes Button Holes.

**HANCOCK SEWING MACHINE CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS,**

12 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.

AGENTS WANTED IN ALL UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

